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ADDRESSES BEFORE THE UNITED
STATES NAVAL WAR COLLEGE AND
ON COMMEMORATIVE OCCASIONS

BY

FRANK WARREN HACKETT

||

*"For what avail the plow or sail
Or land or life if freedom fail"*



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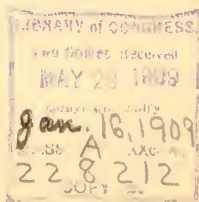
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U.S. Navy June 1868

TO
ROBERT MEANS THOMPSON
A GRADUATE OF
THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
CLASS OF 1868
WHO HAS FOR MANY YEARS IN CIVIL LIFE
PROVED HIMSELF A CONSTANT AND
GENEROUS FRIEND OF
THE NAVY

PREFATORY NOTE

PUBLIC addresses, however interesting at the time of their delivery, seldom get further than the printed pamphlet. For those here brought together, no claim of special literary merit is set up. The two delivered before the Naval War College, at Newport, in 1900 and 1901, while the author was holding the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, deal chiefly with qualities demanded of the naval officer of the present period. It is conceived that there may be here and there a reader who will be glad to possess these views—such as they are—in a convenient form.

As for the other addresses, let me say that the office of most of them has been to reflect the feelings entertained by the American people, a generation after the conflict had ended, toward the memory of men who had fought to preserve the Union. One is encouraged to believe that words uttered in such circumstances may not be altogether without historic value. At all events, it is a

pleasure to think that there is still living an old sailor, or soldier, who shall find something in these heartfelt expressions that will kindle anew his affection for the days of '61.

My obligations are gratefully acknowledged for the kindness of the District of Columbia Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States in granting me permission to reprint papers originally prepared at their invitation.

My friends, Rear Admiral Joseph Nelson Miller, U. S. N., and Robert Means Thompson, of New York City, have each furnished valuable and interesting material (to be found in the Appendix), for which I heartily thank them. To Lieutenant-Commander Noble E. Irwin, U. S. N., I am indebted for interesting details as to the Thompson Trophy Cup, at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

WASHINGTON, January, 1909.

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I

NAVAL WAR COLLEGE ADDRESS

1900

I

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE

NEWPORT RHODE ISLAND JUNE 2 1900

[THE Assistant Secretary of the Navy had accepted with pleasure an invitation to deliver the address at the annual June opening of the Naval War College. He reached Newport in the U. S. S. *Dolphin*.

A fine audience completely filled the hall. Conspicuous among the officers present were Rear Admiral Luce, U. S. N., and Rear Admiral Farquhar, U. S. N., Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron, together with his staff. Most of the officers of the flagship *New York* and battleship *Texas* were also there. All the officers at the College and those of the Training School and Torpedo Station attended, as well as a large number of officers of the Army, and several civilians.

The President of the War College, Captain Charles Herbert Stockton, U. S. N., introduced the speaker. A reception was held at the close of the address, and a luncheon followed, largely attended, at the house of Captain Asa Walker, U. S. N., of the War College.]

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
WAR COLLEGE:—

The twelvemonth just past has proved a busy year in national affairs. For the first

time since the formation of the Government has it fallen to the President to send from our shores to an island of the sea a civil governor, who should in his person represent the dignity and power of the United States. Fortunately for us, and fortunately for Porto Rico, the Chief Executive was at no loss whither to turn.

A judgment so sound, and an address so pleasing, had characterized the administration of Assistant Secretary Allen that the President bade him lay aside his work for the Navy, and hasten to San Juan with a message of good will.

You who have witnessed the success attendant upon his efforts for the welfare of the service need not be reminded how completely to Mr. Allen's taste was the work in which he had become engrossed. You may well understand with what reluctance he has abandoned these congenial duties in order to take up larger responsibilities in an unfamiliar field. The new governor yielded to the choice of the President from a dictate of duty. He was sorry to leave the Department, and everybody there was sorry to part from him. Let us rejoice, however, that the

people of Porto Rico are setting out upon their new political life under the guidance of so gallant a leader.

Standing here as the successor of Assistant Secretary Allen, I share your regret that to-day does not find him with you, speaking words of counsel and encouragement. It is a pleasing office assigned to the Assistant Secretary, that he shall come to Newport, and by his presence at the opening exercises testify to the unabated interest felt by the Department in the growth in usefulness of the Naval War College. So far as good wishes avail, permit me to assure you that I bring them in fullest measure.

This institution, young as it is, has amply justified its existence. No thoughtful observer, I feel sure, whether in or out of the service, can fail to perceive that, as graver problems of naval administration from time to time present themselves, under conditions ever varying, they demand for solution influences that can be fostered and perfected only through means to be supplied by a college such as this.

For the privilege of responding to your invitation, I am duly grateful. The occasion

demands the best that one has to give. I am not a little concerned, however, as to the line of thought adapted to my capacities, and therefore most appropriate to pursue. It is usually expected of an opening address that it shall strike a keynote. This, I confess, I cannot do. Surely it is not for a worker taken up on the rolls at the eleventh hour to harbor any such ambitious purpose.

It was of Lord John Russell, you remember, that Sydney Smith rather teasingly said:

There is not a better man in England, but his worst failure is that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing that he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone, build St. Peter's, or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died, the church tumbled down, and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms.

There may be Lord Johns in the country at large, but we have not been making assistant secretaries of them — at least, not lately. With your permission, then, I shall speak from the standpoint of the average American citizen.

Our Navy has never been intrenched more firmly in the popular heart than at this very hour. Time was when admiration for our sailors found a home chiefly along the seaboard, but to-day it knows no bounds of locality. Coast and interior alike pulsate with a thrill of patriotic fervor for glorious achievement. The peaks of the Rockies, as it were, catch the spray of inspiration. No village in the land is so remote that the guns of Dewey and of Sampson¹ have not awakened gladdening echoes within its borders.

The average American citizen, though he may be a little mystified at its technique, is proud of the Navy. The factory hand at the loom, the miner delving with the pick, the settler as he drives a furrow through virgin soil, each voicing that intelligence wherein lies the hope of the Republic, feels somehow that for him the *Oregon* in Manila Bay, the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* (names now linked in perpetual love for the Union), mean protection and peace. He is conscious that their sleeping force warrants a surer return for his honest toil.

Let a word or two be said, therefore, in

¹ See Appendix I.

harmony with this broader apprehension by our whole people of what the Navy stands for. Now that the sphere of our responsibility as a nation has widened, and populations heretofore strange to us rely upon the protection of the American flag for an advance of civilization, and for the blessings of a stable government with political freedom, it is plain that new duties are required, and will continue to be required, of our commanding officers in distant waters. It behooves us, then, to ponder well the inquiry, How shall the naval officer of the near future best meet the demands that his country has laid upon him? Such is the question you study here to answer.

It is curious to note that two branches of the service which have so much in common should differ widely when brought to a definition. Speak of the Army, and we call before us a body of men armed and trained. Speak of the Navy, and we picture to ourselves ships armed and furnished with officers and crews. That is to say, while the former means men, the latter brings up the material instruments with which men work — a ship and her guns — rather than the man him-

self. But the world has personified a ship from the days of Homer down. The custom ought not to blind one to the truth that the ship and her armament is, after all, but so much inert matter. It is the man, the brain of man, that is everything.

You will pardon the allusion, but never shall I forget the experience of one bright, lovely afternoon in May when I saw a double-ender gunboat, her flag to the breeze aloft, dashing like a race-horse — almost leaping — through the waters of a Carolina sound, until she crashed upon the iron sides of our formidable antagonist, the rebel ram *Albemarle*. It was not the *Sassacus*, but the intrepid *Roe*, that did the deed.

That we may have peace, you teach war. You hold officers to the one central fact, that the Navy means organized preparation to crush an enemy. It means that men and material are ready upon the instant.

When Napoleon was asked why his first Italian campaign was the most successful of all his campaigns, his reply was: "Because it was most carefully studied out beforehand." All the book-learning in the world might fail to create a successful captain, and

yet the leader who can profit by the experience of others has the advantage of him who relies altogether upon his own intuitions.

So here you proclaim that study and hard thinking are in order. A battle on land or water means that somebody has been working out a plan. In time these various plans have evolved rules and maxims based on certain principles that prove of more or less value as guides for future action. What these rules are, how best to apply them, when they can be safely violated — these, and such as these, are vital topics with which the Naval War College deals. All that is intellectual in the make-up of the officer responds gladly to the prospect of an exercise thus invigorating and broadening.

In war, as in every other struggle, the test of success is that the commander works out the largest results possible with the instrument put into his hands. He that waits that he may have something better to go ahead with never wins a battle. The effective force to be got out of a ship depends on the man who handles her. These, to be sure, are but commonplace observations, but, never-

theless, the idea they embody ought ever to be present to the mind of an officer fit to command.

Obviously, the naval profession lies open to very much the same influences that operate in other professions. If there be a leading factor that accounts for the marvelous changes in the latter half of the century now hastening to a close, we shall recognize it in the multiform facilities for intercommunication that have come into being. People sometimes say that the world is smaller than it used to be. The truth is that, while distances seem smaller, the world, as comprising the circle within which people move about, is larger than ever before. A man lives over a wider range of territory, and comes into actual contact with incalculably more people than did his grandfather, or even his father. The problems of the hour are not only more intricate, but far more numerous, than those of five and twenty years ago. Hence, if one would master a few subjects, instead of getting a superficial acquaintance with many, he must give up the hope of covering a wide field. He becomes a specialist. Such is the inexorable decree of these later days.

In business or in science, the few who stand at the head have gained distinction by reason of knowing more about some one thing than anybody else.

In the slow and painstaking process of training officers of the Navy, can we hope to escape the workings of this law? Observe, I refrain from expressing an opinion. I merely submit the inquiry whether it be the part of wisdom to attempt to run counter to the workings of what clearly is the trend of development in the higher walks of business, of science, and of the learned professions.

There can be no lowering of the standard. Matchless as is the record of past achievement, the captain of the future must subject himself to a test even more rigid. He shall evince more ardor than Paul Jones; more skill than Hull; more daring than Decatur; more firmness than Farragut.

First, and always, he shall be a sailor — shall excel in seamanship. Sails and topgallant masts have disappeared, but the mystery of the ocean remains. To read wind and current; to have his ship in hand through storm and calm; to keep her stanch and

trim, and at her best—this is to be in truth a sailor. The aphorism of better than a century ago has not lost its point, that “The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.”

Your officer is to carry a stout heart—shrink from nothing—take the risk. He must harbor a comprehension of that miracle of human ingenuity beneath his feet, the modern battleship—her build, her motive power, her every capacity, her death-dealing guns, her armor shield, her nicely adjusted mechanisms, the almost countless nerves trembling with life and meaning. He must be able to boast some acquaintance with chemistry, electricity, hygiene, some familiarity with diplomacy, and with the outlines of international law. We would have him conversant with human nature under a blue flannel shirt. A master of discipline, it will go hard with him if he do not possess decision of character to a rare degree of perfection.

See what a list of virtues you are making out for the brain of one man to keep in exercise. If a note of warning lurk in these suggestions, it is that we take precious good

care lest our gentlemen of the Navy be required to accomplish too much.

Dr. Johnson is every now and then quoted as having said: "Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it." In like manner, it is to be observed that, while the commander of a ship may have mastered fairly well one or two subdivisions of the many affairs under his control, he sees that for this or that other department, of which he knows something, he can rely upon a subordinate who is specially trained therein.

Let us avoid imposing upon a ranking officer a burden of multitudinous details. His talent and energy are pledged to a service infinitely more important. His business is to study deep, and again and again to reflect upon, the problem how to perfect himself in the use of that which his country has intrusted to him wherewith to meet and destroy the enemy. This it is to compass the art of war in a larger aspect, to rise above what is petty, and to deal with what is grand and enduring.

You will observe that thus far we have had in mind the commander of a single ship

only. A course of training to fit the officer for this responsible post is begun at the Naval Academy, and continued after graduation for every day that he is on duty.

But the aim of the Naval War College is to lead him onward and upward, that he may grasp the full meaning of the problem how to bring many ships together into the squadron, or the fleet, and then how to deal with them thus combined and unified.

Who can say of this or that young officer that he may not on some bright morning in the future meet the crucial moment of his life at the head of a line of battleships? He who wears the uniform must in all seriousness ask himself, "What am I to do if I have a campaign to plan, a victory to gain?" There is but one answer: "I must consult the past. I must gain ready knowledge of what the great sailors of history have done. I must look with clear vision into the principles upon which they went forward to the honor and glory of their country."

Such is the lofty theme to which you here would dedicate the thoughts of your noble profession. Nor is it too much to hope of those who resort hither that each in turn

will find himself inspired with the determination to walk "Along the far Eastern uplands, meditating and remembering."

Therefore it is that we bid a hearty God-speed to your work. Mr. President, may you, and those associated with you, sir, enjoy the rich reward of seeing that work fruitful of the best results to the service and to the country.

II

NAVAL WAR COLLEGE ADDRESS

1901

II

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE

NEWPORT RHODE ISLAND JUNE 3 1901

[THE exercises at the opening of the War College, this season, excited more than usual interest. The attendance of officers of the Navy and of the Army was very large, while there were not a few men present of prominence in civil life. Many ladies were of the audience. The flagship *Kearsarge*, together with other ships of the North Atlantic Squadron, lay at anchor in the harbor. The Assistant Secretary had arrived from Washington on board the U. S. S. *Dolphin*.

It was a lovely June day, and Newport had made the occasion one of social pleasure. After the delivery of the address, a reception and lunch was enjoyed at the house of the President of the College, Captain French Ensor Chadwick, U. S. N.

In introducing the speaker, Captain Chadwick said:—

“The College is fortunate and honored to-day in having here to say the opening words for the summer course the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. I trust that he will permit me to say that we feel peculiarly grateful for his coming when under demands of duty which make it extremely difficult for him to be absent from Washington at all. It is an indication, though no

proof was needed, of his deep interest in the College and its work.

"The Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Squadron¹ has also shown his regard for the College by hurrying forward the repairs to his flagship and being present with his staff and officers.

"And we are honored, too, by the presence of one whom all the Navy holds in deepest regard and affection, our Commander-in-Chief at Santiago.²

"It is with pleasure I present to you the Assistant Secretary of the Navy."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
WAR COLLEGE: —

A year ago the honor and pleasure were mine of coming here, as a messenger, bringing to you the hearty greetings of the Navy Department. To-day I am the bearer of like good cheer. I trust that, in order to be regarded as in some sense an old friend, I need not be driven to the expedient of reminding you that during the interval we have stepped from one century into another. At all events, I can assure you that the Secretary of the Navy and those associated with him note with increasing satisfaction all that your faithful labor is accomplishing at the War College.

¹ Rear Admiral Higginson.

² Rear Admiral Sampson.

The enterprise is now well beyond the stage of experiment. Its friends can have no fears for the future.

Seventeen years have passed since the first steps were taken to bring into being an institution that should provide for the "higher education" of officers of the Navy. During its early struggle for existence the Naval War College met and dissipated that cloud of prejudices which is almost sure to envelop a project in its nature novel and experimental. The College has survived for the reason that faith has been kept with the promises of those who stood as its sponsors.

Already how excellent is the record. How clearly do we now see that the work done within these walls lifts the officer into a higher atmosphere, broadens his conceptions, and brings him distinctly nearer to that ideal standard of development which it has ever been the aspiration of the American Navy to attain.

The hour and the place are propitious for an expression of grateful acknowledgment to the accomplished officer and gentleman to whom belongs the honored title of the founder of the Naval War College. His

long and busy career has been characterized at every step by an ardent desire to improve and elevate the profession which he so conspicuously adorns. In the exercise of a foresight of the highest order, this true type of an American sailor "turned to" (if I may borrow Jack's handy phrase) and brought to bear upon those in authority such force of argument, and such well-directed energy, that Congress enacted the desired legislation and gave to the country a Naval War College, the first institution of the kind that the world has ever known.

It was the dawn of a new era for the Navy.

To our good friend likewise is credit due that the institution was established where it should be—here in this historic harbor, a locality as affluent of advantage as it is of delights.

To the founder and constant helper of the War College, Rear Admiral Stephen Bleecker Luce, we extend a tribute of praise and sincere thanks. We persuade ourselves that Time likes to deal gently with him, so that the War College may still look for counsel to its Nestor during many a year to come.

What the College is, what its aims and purposes, and to what extent it may claim to have answered the hopes of those who from the first have believed in it, is to be taken, I assume, as fairly well known to all, from cadet to admiral.

But it is not alone officers of the Navy who are watching with interest what you do here. That our ships, with their complement of officers and men, shall be kept always at the highest point of efficiency, ready upon the instant for war, is an object of concern to every citizen in the land.

We need not apprehend that the day shall come when an American, whether living on the coast or far inland, is indifferent to the status of his Navy. The people are alive to what you are doing here. They are well aware how much of protection and security your work signifies to them. They recognize the fact that it is for them that the War College opens its doors to annual classes; for them that the trained mind is still further disciplined, made more alert, more resourceful, more familiar with the conditions and problems of actual war.

Since the development of our naval

strength must rely upon the influences of an enlightened public opinion, we welcome the opportunity afforded by the annual opening of the course thus to remind the country at large of the results here attained.

The fact that the people, one and all, look upon their Navy with affection is to be attributed to something more than sentiment. To be sure, the sea and what is done upon it has in every age laid a spell upon the imagination of man. Allow for this subtle agency—there yet remains on all sides a conviction that American valor and prowess on the ocean is racial in origin; that it is to be counted on as a natural outcome of free institutions such as ours. The support ungrudgingly given by the country to its naval establishment furnishes to every officer and to every enlisted man an incentive to do his utmost to make the service worthy of public confidence and pride.

But how is an officer to do his utmost? To ask the question is to bring us to the consideration of what is submitted as the leading thought of this address, namely, that every officer of the Navy for the period of his active service should undergo a contin-

uing process of education and training — not partial and fitful, but without remission.

Were you at this moment to confront me with the query, What ought an officer of the United States Navy to be? I should refer you to the text of a letter penned by as great a man as ever sailed under any flag, John Paul Jones. It bears date September 14, 1775, and is addressed to Mr. Hewes, of the Provisional Marine Committee of the Continental Congress. Read this remarkable letter, and you are advised of precisely those qualifications that a naval officer should possess. Its concise, direct terms are for all time. The description stands forth just as apt and as sufficient at this hour as it was when the author wrote it.

Let me add, in passing, that readers of the recently published "Life of John Paul Jones," by Mr. Buell, cannot too warmly thank that writer for his industry in bringing to light new material, and his skill in revealing to us the grand proportions of the man of whom he writes.¹ Hitherto the world had

¹ Since these words were uttered, the fact has been revealed that John Paul Jones did not write the remarkable letter of September 14, 1775. Most of the views contained

known Paul Jones simply and exclusively as a sea fighter, the foremost of any age. We now, and most of us for the first time, see in him a statesman, a diplomat of rare ability, and an accomplished man of the world. At last an adequate conception of our hero being thus presented to his countrymen, it would be an act of tardy justice to set up at Washington a memorial of John Paul Jones, where as yet none exists. Surely his statue deserves to occupy a place of honor at the Navy Department.

Much in the same way, were reasons to be demanded of me for maintaining the Naval War College, I should bid the questioner turn to the report of a board appointed by Secretary Chandler, May 3, 1884, to deal with the subject. This document, which is to be found in the Report of the Secretary of the Navy for 1885, is signed by Commodore S. B. Luce, Commander W. T. Sampson, and Lieutenant-Commander C. F. Goodrich. The board did their work

in this letter, as given by Buell, appear, however, to have been expressed by Jones, at later dates, in sundry writings. It is with a profound regret that we are obliged to discredit much of the "new material" which this entertaining biographer has assumed to bring forward. See Appendix II.

well. Their report sets forth the need of an institution such as this, and briefly outlines the scope of what it might hope to compass. The thought occurs that you may do worse than to put a copy of this instructive paper into the hands of each newcomer upon his reporting here for duty.

Here one finds a school where facilities are offered for that broader training which is demanded of those having in charge our modern ships of war. In days gone by, it used to be taken for granted that the attainment of high rank meant that the culminating point of skill and efficiency had been reached. They were indeed grand old sailors. Masters of seamanship, they displayed a tact in the handling of men that was the perfection of discipline. They enjoyed, all of them, an extensive acquaintance with foreign countries, and knew something of their own, along the seaboard. Their varied experience afloat and ashore (including a list of supposed hardships which they went through as youngsters) brightened their faculties, and created the type of the American naval officer, able, accomplished, always brave, such as no country in the world has

surpassed. All honor to the memory of those gallant men.

But the day of those men is not our day. Alike in business, in professional life, in affairs of state, or in the art of war, a spirit of change has done its work, and much once thought indispensable has now been discarded as outgrown. Could Paul Jones, or Truxtun, or Perry, or Decatur, come back to life and set foot upon one of our armored battleships, he would indeed be lost in wonder. Boundless would be his surprise at learning to what extent the faculties and attainments of a commanding officer are taxed to answer the demands of his position. We are safe in saying of the naval officer of the present period that he must know more things, and know them accurately, too, than were ever demanded of him who trod the quarter-deck half a century ago. New problems present themselves for solution, and some of the graver ones you deal with here at the War College.

As for education in general, I confess there is a strong temptation to discourse upon so attractive a topic. It has always been the fashion, and probably it always will be, to

talk more or less eruditely about education. Now and then some individual of exemplary patience tries to fathom the subject, but we seldom hear that he meets with any great success.

As early as 1644, John Milton had composed his brief Tractate, condemning the methods of education then in vogue at the universities. But the production, with all the author's learning, offered scarcely a suggestion that was of practical use; though, happily, it has enriched literature by the noblest definition of education that can be conceived: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

John Locke, in his "Thoughts Concerning Education," gave much excellent advice that some of our colonial ancestors might well have thanked him for. About a century later, Pestalozzi advanced a plausible theory or two that brought him numerous followers; while Lancaster, long afterwards, undertook to tell our grandfathers how to manage their children. Of living writers, an essay of Herbert Spencer yields food for profitable reflection.

After the printing of so many books, and after so much discussion, one might imagine that the leading principles of education would be found substantially reduced to a science. Not at all. Parents and guardians are going ahead timidly now, much as they did in former times; while the average boy or girl remains as much of a puzzle as ever. For a while we try new methods, and then set them aside for others. They in turn have to give place to something else that allures with a promise. Still, out from all this partial success and failure there has come a residuum not without value. The schoolmaster manages somehow to keep a little in advance of his pupil, apparently reconciled to the prospect that, provided he live long enough, he is sure to be looked upon as old-fashioned.

I venture to say that there may be some one present who, by an effort of memory, can recall a phrase once applied to young ladies at a boarding-school, or, as it was customary to style it, "seminary." This phrase has dropped out of currency, but when it prevailed, people used to say of the young woman that she was engaged in "finishing her education." For myself, I chiefly remember

the expression because of a reply attributed to Doctor Wayland, an educator of eminence in his day. It is related, I believe, of the Doctor that at the close of certain graduating exercises a young lady came up to him and exclaimed: "Congratulate me, Doctor Wayland, for I have finished my education." "Have you, indeed, my child?" said the good man, smiling; "you are more fortunate than I, for I am just beginning mine."

Now that we have a Naval War College, who would dream of saying of a captain, or of a rear admiral, that he has "finished his education"?

In prescribing a plan in the nature of a curriculum the College has kept in view one cardinal proposition: Success in war lies in preparation. A simple truth, so simple, indeed, that you may call it commonplace, if you like. But a maxim may go unchallenged, and yet fail to impress itself upon the hearer at the moment he should be governed by it.

Being ready signifies something beyond the ability to get your ships, guns, and men at the place you want them, the very hour you want them. It means the presence on board of a master mind, that knows how to

use this force to the highest advantage, the one man who can get out of it the greatest power wherewith to defeat and crush the enemy. A master mind does not find its way to supreme command haphazard. Training and hard thinking bring it about. To have such a captain close at hand—this is preparation; this is what it is to be ready.

Only let us be prepared, the world takes notice, and here we get one of the very few conditions upon which a government can rely for conserving peace.

The Navy, a body of highly trained officers, is, it cannot too earnestly be declared, sincere in hoping that a state of peace may long continue. It is doubtful if the service contains a single individual of the right spirit who does not stand ready to approve of any well-considered plan which promises to render the possibility of war more and more remote.

You who enter upon the course now opening do so animated by a desire for peace. True, you but obey a natural instinct when you seek to perfect yourselves in the lesson of being ready. It is the first duty you owe to your profession and to the

country. Still, you would have it understood that the moving impulse is that our naval strength be kept in such a state of instant efficiency that no power will hastily provoke war with the United States.

The American people cherish good will toward all other powers, and value a like good will in return. But we perfectly comprehend of what vital moment it is that every other power be impressed at all times with a wholesome dread of having the United States for an enemy. To this end, peace-loving as we are, we have announced it to be our settled policy to maintain a powerfully equipped Navy.

The people mean that in ships and guns the United States shall hold its rightful position. They never will tolerate that our sea-going force fall into an inferior rank among the navies of the world. The largest measure of safety, they firmly believe, rests with that country whose naval authorities can put the better brain upon the bridge.

Holding this high purpose in view, you assemble here that you may engage in the task of educating yourselves; for this is a college without professor or text-book. All

are students. You are to learn something of naval tactics and naval strategy. You will listen to lectures upon naval history, upon international law, and like topics; some of you will prepare and read papers dealing with naval campaigns; you will point out and discuss the causes of success or failure attending naval operations of our own and of other powers.

But the unique feature of the course is what is known as "the war game." Here one finds out empirically into what sort of a situation he is likely to be precipitated in the event that war shall suddenly come upon us. It sets a man to thinking what he had better do about it. When an officer goes away at the end of the course, he carries with him a new stock of ideas. Later, upon taking command of a ship, there would seem to be no reason why he may not improve the opportunity to impart some of these ideas to junior officers. In this way the influence of the Naval War College may be exerted in numerous directions.

The sinking of Cervera's fleet was not the execution of a plan suddenly inspired. On the contrary, that memorable July forenoon

saw wrought out that which, in its beginning at least, was rehearsed, so to speak, in these very halls. An incident that occurred not long after the close of the war serves to illustrate my meaning. Rear Admiral Sampson, happening to be here, saw suspended on the wall a large chart of the Cuban coast. It bore certain marks that denoted the movements of war vessels. The Admiral took it to be a chart that had recently been prepared for the purpose of illustrating certain features of the Spanish War. It turned out, as a matter of fact, that he was looking at a working model that had been put to use two years before the war in the study of an imaginary campaign against Spain.

So, too, the contingency of scouting in the West Indian waters during supposed hostilities with Spain had not been neglected. For the purpose two rooms were occupied. An officer in each room represented a contending force. Each started with a like knowledge of the number, character, and the assumed disposition of the ships of the other. Each did the best he could to fix the whereabouts of his opponent. On a signal

work was stopped and the officers compared results. It is told of one accomplished commander, whose ship did invaluable service as a scout on the Cuban coast, that while thus engaged he found the work strangely familiar, and said of it: "Why, it seems as though I am sure later on to hear Taylor's bell."

Another illustration of the benefits of the instruction here will, I think, interest you. You will recall the fact that during the Spanish War Rear Admiral Remey served on board the *Lancaster*, a station-ship at Key West. The Admiral was the centre of communication between the Navy Department and our fleet in the West Indies. How well he performed that duty you need not be told. An officer of Admiral Remey's staff is quoted as having said of the work in the Admiral's office that it "was exactly like the work during one of the War College war games; and that no study could have better fitted one for the real thing."

Were nothing else to be gained from a season spent at the College, the participant in the game of war grows accustomed to approach a problem in manœuvres or strategy with some degree of confidence. He

gains here, as he could nowhere else, a familiarity with many of the conditions of actual conflict. In other words, an emergency does not overwhelm him with surprise. More than this, the experience affords him an insight into what nine times out of ten the enemy is likely to do.

We may go a step farther and say that it is among the possibilities that some daring mind, kindled here with ambition to surpass his fellows, may one day conceive of an original idea in naval tactics, the realization of which will give to his country a tremendous advantage.

The United States, in enlarging its borders and taking to itself foreign possessions, has indeed assumed a grave responsibility. To the Navy is largely due their acquisition. Upon the people of these distant islands we are conferring the blessings of good government. For their protection and welfare we shall continue to look, in a large measure, to the Navy. Nor shall we be disappointed.

Never before in time of peace have there been held out to officers of the United

States Navy opportunities so inviting to do good and lasting service to their country.

Let the standard of the Naval War College be maintained. Then, when war comes, and the people turn to their Navy, it will be with perfect confidence that its deeds shall deserve well of the Republic.

III

KEARSARGE — ALABAMA

III

ADDRESS AT PRESENTATION BY THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE OF THE KEARSARGE-ALABAMA TABLETS

PORTSMOUTH NEW HAMPSHIRE

SEPTEMBER 18 1900

[THE circumstance that two new battleships were named respectively the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* induced the State of New Hampshire to make it the occasion for testifying to the cordial good will existing between the North and South. The State offered to present a tablet to each battleship, — an offer that was gladly accepted by the Navy Department.

Three days were assigned to celebrating at Portsmouth the event of the presentation of the tablets. Governor Johnston of Alabama, with a large party, many of whom were ladies (one the daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, of *Alabama* fame), came to Portsmouth as guests of the State, as did ex-Secretary Herbert of Alabama. Secretary Long, with Rear Admiral Sampson, and other distinguished officers of the Navy were in attendance. Governor Rollins, on behalf of the State, made a speech of welcome, full of genuine feeling. A very extensive and brilliant military display attracted an immense crowd of people. The entire North Atlantic Squadron lay in Portsmouth

Harbor. The same kind of tablet was presented to each ship. At the base of the *Kearsarge* tablet were these words :—

From the State of New Hampshire to the
U. S. S. Kearsarge.

To maintain justice, honor, freedom
In the service of a reunited people.

The inscription on the *Alabama* tablet read as follows :—

The State of New Hampshire to the *U. S. S. Alabama*. This tablet, companion to that of the *U. S. S. Kearsarge*, placed here by courtesy of the State of Alabama, perpetuates in enduring peace names once joined in historic combat.

Every form of hospitality was shown to the visitors from Alabama, including a trip through the White Mountains,—and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The celebration proved to be an unqualified success. If not the earliest, certainly it was the most conspicuous, testimonial of the existence of the best of feeling between the people of the North and those of the South. The effect throughout the country, particularly at the South, was excellent. Many interchanges of kind relations, manifested after the guests had returned to their Southern homes, between those who thus met from States widely separated in distance, furnished an additional proof that the purpose of this demonstration had been happily achieved.]

IN the spring of 1623, a little band of hardy Englishmen landed almost within sight of

where we now are¹ and began the first settlement of New Hampshire. From that day to the present hour this region has begotten sturdy seafaring men, prompt to face hardship and danger, ready to fight on deck, or on land, for liberty and country.

The exercises in which we are engaged find their most appropriate setting upon these waters and by these shores. For it was here at Great Island (now New Castle), then the humble capital of the province, that in 1684 a minister of the gospel and leader of the people spurned the edict of a relentless colonial governor and welcomed prison-bars rather than violate conscience.

On yonder point the flag flies over Fort Constitution. There, long before the Revolution, stood old Fort William and Mary. Its walls witnessed the first overt act of defiance, in any one of the colonies, to the tyranny of George the Third, — the seizure and carrying away of the King's powder, — a deed whose daring, whenever heard of, thrilled the patriot heart.

¹ It was at first intended that the presentation of the tablet to the *Kearsarge* should take place on board that ship lying in the roads beyond Fort Constitution. Later, it was arranged to have the exercises in the city of Portsmouth.

Out from this harbor, in 1777, sailed John Paul Jones, commanding the newly-built *Ranger*, of eighteen six-pounders, to carry the terror of his name across the sea.

Up river, at the Navy Yard, early in the struggle for the Union, was launched the *Kearsarge*, that with her crew, mustered largely from the country hereabout, went forth to add a new lustre to the stars and stripes.

We are here to bestow, with impressive and glad ceremony, a Godspeed upon two battleships that shall rival each other in zeal for the protection of our common country.

Small need is there of words to voice the supreme thought of the hour. A spirit of profound gratefulness it is that, in the providence of God, the Union of these States continues to be, as from the hour of its creation it ever has been — indestructible.

To the Navy what we do here this day is full of meaning. It emphasizes and extols the truth that Heaven sends her choicest blessings to him, no matter what his station in life, who does his duty. For officer and man alike, duty has ever been the watch-

word of the Navy of the United States. Its pathway is lighted all along with deeds of patience, skill, and valor.

Be assured, my friends, that as in the past, so for the future, you shall find the American sailor instant to do with heart and soul all that the dear old flag can ask of him.

IV
FLAG DAY

IV

ADDRESS AT EXERCISES IN COMMEM- ORATION OF FLAG DAY AT NEW NATIONAL THEATRE

WASHINGTON DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
JUNE 14 1901

THERE are so many pretty girls here to-night, with their attendants, that I am going to begin in the words of Brutus and say: "Countrymen and lovers."

My friend, General Breckinridge, has just made a splendid speech; and he is a very hard man to follow. I know him of old. He has a habit of beginning by telling an audience that he is not a public speaker, and then he goes on until the beauty and the eloquence of his remarks convince the audience that he possesses the real Breckinridge gift of oratory.

I shall not detain you very long, because when a man speaks for the Navy of the United States he has an easy thing to do. The truth is, our Navy is so close to the

hearts of the people that the very mention of the word calls out applause.

You know that it is a cardinal rule for him who would speak in public that he should open by saying something that will please the audience—that will let him get into their favor, as it were. While sitting here, enjoying the situation, I confess that I've been thinking how I could say something about my audience that would be sure to please them.

I only wish that you could come up here yourselves, and see how well you look from the stage point of view. Not that I need praise you for your good looks, for they can be taken for granted with a Washington audience. I would have you realize not only that you present a splendid appearance, but that there are men of mark among you here to-night, who give this assemblage a peculiar distinction.

For instance, here in front on my right sits a gentleman¹ of whom I can tell you something that I think will greatly surprise you. This gentleman, one of our most hon-

¹ The Honorable Alexander Burton Hagner, born in Washington, July 13, 1826. See Appendix III.

ored citizens, is a son of a man who was one of the most faithful officials of the Government at its beginning. Son, mind you I say, not grandson. When this gentleman's father was at work one day in his office at Philadelphia at the Government's business, he turned around and saw standing beside him two men — one of those visitors was George Washington, the other, Alexander Hamilton.

Yes, those days do not seem far off, when we can say that there is still living the son of a man who had the honor of serving under these two great Americans.

Now, on the other side of the aisle, I see a gallant Admiral.¹ I can almost detect him in the act of blushing at my singling him out. He is here after a long service of fidelity and honor to his country. In his younger days he was a lieutenant who had charge of the boat that took Mason and Slidell from the *Trent* and carried them on board the *San Jacinto* under Captain Wilkes. So you see these two residents of the District whom I have picked out are very appropriately here to-night in honor of Flag Day.

¹ Rear Admiral James Augustin Greer, U. S. N. He died June 17, 1904.

There is no need of stirring you up to show reverence for the flag. A feeling of deep respect and devotion is ever present with you all.

But it is my province, I presume, to point out in a word or two how the Navy is particularly identified with the duty of upholding the flag. It is the Navy that carries the flag over distant seas and displays its glorious folds in foreign ports.

By a felicity that is remarkable, it happened that the Resolution of Congress of June 14, 1777, which fixed forever the colors and form of the American flag, embraced in its text also these memorable words: "*Resolved*, That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*."

What a glorious privilege it was for our great naval hero thus to be associated with the birth of the American flag. Indeed, Jones himself said that he wished no greater honor. "The flag and I," he said, "are twins."

Nor has there ever been a gallant soul who by his deeds has invested the flag with a more splendid lustre than John Paul Jones. I can speak of him feelingly, because I have the

honor of being a native of the old seaport town where the *Ranger* was built. The associations of Paul Jones with Portsmouth, New Hampshire, are among its most precious traditions.

It was the *Ranger*, you will remember, that sped across the Atlantic like a greyhound, carrying the news of the surrender of Burgoyne, the flag of the United States streaming at her masthead, an omen of other victories yet to come. It was John Paul Jones, on the *Ranger*, you will remember, who sailed through the French fleet at Brest, in February of 1778, proudly displaying the American flag, and receiving the first salute ever paid to it by another nation.

The flag that flew from the masthead of the *Ranger* on that eventful day had a history. It was the gift of young ladies of Portsmouth, who presented it to Captain John Paul Jones, on the 4th of July, 1777. They had made it with their own hands, using their silk dresses for the purpose. One of these girls gave her wedding-dress, she having been married only in the May preceding.¹

You may be sure that the Captain valued

¹ A story later found to be without foundation. See page 192, Appendix.

that flag as a priceless treasure. He took it with him on the *Bon Homme Richard*, and under it fought that magnificent battle — a battle wherein the victor had to leave his ship to sink while he took possession of the ship of his enemy, the *Serapis*. That silk flag of the *Richard* went down to an honored resting-place beneath the waves.

Such is the spirit and such the deeds whose memory animates and inspires the naval officer and sailor of to-day to do their full duty.

Here let me say something that I trust will take lodgment in the minds of you who love the flag and revere the memory of heroes who have fought under it. The time has come when there should be here at Washington a statue or some memorial of that great naval captain, John Paul Jones. I need say no more. His career stamps him not only as a wonderful sea fighter, but as one of the truly great men of the age.

For this suggestion credit is due a gallant officer of the Navy, the late Rear Admiral Richard W. Meade, who was an ardent admirer of John Paul Jones, of whose career he had made a special study. Meade, with characteristic energy, advocated the project

of erecting a statue in honor of the "Founder of the American Navy." He went so far as to point out the southwest corner of Lafayette Square, diagonally across from the Navy Department Building, as a most appropriate site.

I shall be content, and indeed pleased, if any word of mine, here or elsewhere, can hasten the hour when this work is done and a suitable monument erected to the memory of John Paul Jones at Washington.

Ships of the Navy, as I have said, fly the flag in foreign ports. I well remember, in that fateful year of '61 that witnessed the oncoming of the war for the Union, the delivery of a great speech in the Senate by Seward. The most striking feature of that speech, as I recall it, was a reference to the flag displayed upon a naval vessel of the United States. Forty years have gone since I first read it, but within a day or two I have refreshed my memory by turning to this historic speech. I wish I could recite the passage for your benefit. The Senator pictured the arrival in some foreign port of a man-of-war with the flag of the United States floating as emblematical of freedom. It re-

ceives the salutes of the port. Men in authority do it reverence, and the people gaze upon it as a sign of the liberty they desire. It is a sublime spectacle. There are beheld the majesty and the glory of the United States of America.

Suppose, the Senator continued, the Union were dissolved and at a later day some ship comes into that same port with a strange flag at her peak. "What is that?" is the inquiry. It is only the flag of one of the obscure republics of America—let it pass.

This but faintly revives the thought and the expression of the eloquent speaker. I recall the illustration as a telling argument in behalf of the Union. Thank God, that Union exists to-day stronger and firmer, while the flag bears a yet deeper meaning, a grander significance than ever before.

It is worth while to go abroad that you may experience the sensation of beholding the flag of your country in foreign waters. Then it is that you fully realize what that flag means to you—and to mankind.

I remember, too, when a boy, how the hammers in the shipyards of my native town made merry music. That was the period of

fast-sailing clippers, when the sails of American commerce whitened every sea, and our merchant marine was fast laying hold upon the carrying trade of the world. Those were inspiring days in seaboard towns. May they come again; may our statesmen work together to build up our merchant shipping, so that once again the American flag shall traverse every ocean, and be seen in every corner of the globe.

Hand in hand with the growth of our merchant marine shall our Navy increase in strength and in the number of its ships. All this shall make for peace, but new duties have come upon this people, and they will be met.

Your Navy of the future, like that of the past, will uphold the honor and dignity of the flag; and when the needful hour shall come, it will win new victories for the glory and the safety of the Republic.

V

FOURTH OF JULY

V

ADDRESS AT THE BASE OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN CELE- BRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE DISTRICT
OF COLUMBIA SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF
THE REVOLUTION JULY 4 1893

HERE, within the grateful shade of this towering shaft, that silently lifts the thoughts of each of us heavenward, — this shaft that typifies alike the simplicity, the grandeur, and the shining purity of the character of him whose name to-day rises first to our lips, as in our hearts he is always first; in a city destined, we trust, to carry to posterity his revered name, linked to all that is gracious and ennobling in the arts of civilization; here, on the banks of this fair river that not far hence flows with peaceful current by the gentle heights of Mount Vernon; here, in sight of yonder archives where repose the originals of the draft, and of the per-

fectured instrument itself, whose approval by the Continental Congress, on the 4th of July, 1776, marked a new epoch in the history of man; here, at the capital of the nation, where distinction of state or section ceases, and we meet as citizens of a common country,—upon what more inspiring spot may an American vent his joy at this returning anniversary of the nation's birth?

A body politic governing itself with a steadfast self-restraint, under a wholesome and orderly procedure, free from the gusts of passion, presents — and it must ever present — a sublime spectacle. When such a commonwealth is beheld, in numbers over sixty millions of souls, converting into happy homes a vast domain that sweeps from ocean to ocean,—a population busy, energetic, and highly prosperous,—the world well may marvel at the sight.

Over every town and hamlet floats the flag of the Union. To-day at the World's Fair, congregated thousands raise the anthem, while in all our borders there resound the echoes of grateful praise that we are by the blessing of God one people!

American Independence! The theme, sir,

never grows old. Each generation, as it comes forward to assume the responsibilities of citizenship, shall turn to that period when our country was small and feeble, but her spirit sturdy and heroic, and shall heed with what she can solve the Signers of the Declaration stood for the rights of man, the world over.

No human achievement is worth commemorating that has not behind it an idea.

"The rights of man." This is the keynote of the gladness with which the land to-day exults.

Historical writers there are who, going back even to so remote a date as 1635, affect to see in the vigorous resistance of Massachusetts Bay to the attack thus early threatened by the Crown against her charter, the first faint streaks of the dawn of the American Revolution.

When, in 1761, James Otis had argued before the scarlet-robed judges, in the Council Chamber at Boston, in words of burning eloquence, against "writs of assistance," John Adams was led to exclaim: "Then and there was born American Independence." Four years later, the voice of Patrick Henry, in the House of Burgesses of Vir-

ginia, denouncing the Stamp Act, sent a thrill to the heart of every lover of liberty. Already had Samuel Adams, far in the lead, ardently besought his countrymen to follow in the path of independence.

On the 15th of May, 1776, the Congress, at Philadelphia, adopted a resolution, recommending to the colonies to form independent governments. Only four had acted on the question of independence. North Carolina had come out for it. Virginia had instructed her delegates to propose that the Congress should declare for independence. Rhode Island had announced her willingness to join in any measure to secure American rights; while the Massachusetts towns had pledged themselves to maintain whatever declaration the Congress might agree upon. But there was a strong party, we must remember, throughout the colonies that looked with extreme disfavor (not to say abhorrence) upon so radical a measure as separation from the mother country.

Blood had indeed been shed at Lexington and at Concord. The militia wore the honors of Bunker Hill. Washington, at the head of the Continental Army, had com-

pelled the British troops to evacuate Boston. An attack upon Quebec had failed, but minor successes had been gained in Virginia and the Carolinas. It was a period of actual hostilities, but the colonists had drawn the sword for the redress of grievances as British subjects. The flag of thirteen stripes still bore the cross of St. George. The future was dark with doubt.

On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, submitted a motion in the Congress that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

John Adams, of Massachusetts, ever foremost in debate, seconded the motion. Able men opposed it,—Dickinson and Wilson, of Pennsylvania; Livingston, of New York; and Rutledge, of South Carolina. With a view to unanimity postponement was agreed to, but on condition that meanwhile a committee be chosen by ballot to draw up a declaration. The choice fell upon Jeffer-

son, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston.

The motion was passed on the 2d of July, by the vote of twelve colonies.

To Thomas Jefferson belongs the honor of drafting the declaration. As Mr. Webster, with even more than his usual felicity, phrases it: "All Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved upon him."

On the 3d of July, Congress went into a committee of the whole to consider the text of the declaration. On the evening of Thursday, the 4th, the committee rose, and reported it, only slightly changed from the original draft. With one voice it was adopted.

"The greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America, and a greater perhaps never was nor will be decided among men." Such were the pregnant words of John Adams.

The Liberty Bell rang out the tidings from the top of the State House, and couriers carried the news to north and south as fast as horse could speed. The roll of drums, and the roar of cannon, the rocking of steeples,

and at night the blaze of bonfires, proclaimed to the world that the United States of America had taken rank in the family of nations.

By the wisdom of statesmen at home and abroad, by the consummate skill and prudence of Washington, by the valor and endurance of officers and men of the army, by the fortitude of the people, and with the timely aid of the French King, our liberties were at last secured.

And here, Mr. President, let me address a single word to the members of the Societies of the Revolution, under whose encouragement the present exercises are held.

Your object, gentlemen, is worthy of all praise. Calling together those in whose veins runs the blood of a revolutionary ancestry, you seek by fraternal endeavor to keep vividly before the people of these United States a sense of their obligation to the patriots of 1776. In so doing you strengthen and help to perpetuate a genuine American sentiment.

Honored as I have been with the privilege of directing for a brief moment the thoughts of this assemblage to the scenes of the Revolution, I feel, sir, that it would be a

departure from the proprieties of the occasion were I to draw lessons from the record of that eventful period, and proceed to apply them to problems of the present hour. And yet, if there be pressing upon your attention subjects of public concern, whose treatment and final disposition demand of you somewhat of the patriotic devotion that your fathers so freely displayed in the struggle for independence, it may not be out of place for your speaker, in drawing to a close these imperfect remarks, to bestow upon such topics at least a passing allusion.

Democracy — the government of the people by the people — went upon trial in 1776. Each year adds to the stock of confidence with which we may count upon its stability. But let us not forget, my friends, that democracy is still on trial, that new conditions arise from time to time with which it must deal adequately and wisely.

Two dangers, it is plain to see, are at this very hour threatening us.

I do not refer to clouds gathering on the horizon of business. These, we may believe, are soon to pass away under a prudent administration of affairs, which our honored

Chief Magistrate, aided by conservative counselors irrespective of party, will give to the country.

No: I mean first, foreign immigration, taken in connection with the growing tendency of our population to crowd into the cities; and second, the portentous difficulties of dealing with the question of suffrage, so as to leave the ultimate source of power where only it belongs; to secure a free expression of opinion at the polls; and to insure, in reaching and announcing the results of an election, the highest degree of fairness that the imperfections of human nature will permit.

These are living questions. They cannot be evaded. They must be met and solved. To solve them aright is to tax to the utmost the wisdom, the moderation, and the unselfishness of those who take part in public affairs.

But let us indulge in no fears. Rather let us set about the work (each as best he may) of creating in this regard a sound public sentiment. In other words, let us do our whole duty as citizens. Above all, let us prove ourselves to be Americans through

and through, resting our faith for the future of the Republic upon that comfortable assurance — the guiding motto of one of the old thirteen — *Qui transtulit, sustinet*: “He who has brought us thus far, will yet sustain us!”

VI

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT

VI

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF A TABLET IN MEMORY OF ADMIRAL DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT, U. S. N.

AT THE NAVY YARD PORTSMOUTH NEW
HAMPSHIRE AUGUST 26 1908

[It was a most becoming act to mark at the Portsmouth Navy Yard the site of the house in which Admiral Farragut died. The Yard at the time of that event was under the command of Rear Admiral Alexander Mosely Pennock, U. S. N. Mrs. Pennock and Mrs. Farragut were first cousins, being of the Loyall family of Norfolk, Virginia. Admiral Farragut had resorted to the Portsmouth Yard, in the hope that a change of climate would benefit his health.

It was most appropriate, too, that Admiral Dewey should unveil the tablet. The exercises, pleasing for their very simplicity, took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 26, 1908, in the presence of a large company, among whom was Loyall Farragut, son of the Admiral. A few men who had served under Farragut were seated near the tablet, as were representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic. Officers of the Navy with their families had been invited, and the hour had been selected so as to permit the workmen of the Navy Yard to be present.

Admiral Dewey, accompanied by Mrs. Dewey, had

arrived in the U. S. S. *Dolphin*. The full Marine guard and band were drawn up in line in front of the house of the Commandant. The house stands on an eminence, with a lawn sloping down to the street. After the Admiral had returned to the Marine Guard their salute, he started to walk up the pathway to the house, accompanied by a large group of officers in full dress. The sight of the Admiral and his companions, coming up, as viewed from the piazza of the house, was impressive.

The flag which covered the tablet had been used on the *Tallapoosa* upon the last trip taken by Admiral Farragut. On the other side of the doorway from the tablet was a fine portrait of Admiral Farragut.

The tablet is of a handsome design, simple, and of a superior workmanship. The inscription reads : —

Died in this house, August 14, 1870,
DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT,
Admiral United States Navy :
Faithful and Fearless.

In Appendix IV the reader will find the text of the prayer offered by Chaplain Thompson, remarks of Admiral Dewey, and a very interesting and valuable letter from Rear Admiral John Crittenden Watson, U. S. N., giving some reminiscences of Admiral Farragut, with whom he had served as a staff officer. It was greatly regretted that Rear Admiral Watson could not be present in person. His letter was read by Captain Edwin King Moore, U. S. N., Commandant of the Yard, who had made the arrangements for the exercises, and who carried them out with excellent taste.]

FORTUNATE Farragut! Fortunate in that you did so much to save the Union. Truly yours was

. . . a full and splendid life, and laurelled rest at the goal.

With what skill, with what daring, with what inflexibility of purpose, into the thick of perils, seen and unseen, you led the way and triumphed!

When the close of life drew near, you were fortunate in the site ordained for meeting the dread enemy. Not for you was it, like England's captain, stricken to the deck, to expire amid the roar of guns and the shouts of victory. No, not on shipboard, but at this beautiful spot,—a home for the Navy,—almost within sound of ocean's surge, you, with tranquil mind and in perfect composure of spirit, entered upon the life eternal.

Here for all time the great admiral has fixed a shrine. How fit a place for putting off the armor—a place full of associations to warm a sailor's heart!

The banks of this river as early as 1695 had witnessed the building of ships-of-war for the King's service. The Revolution found the Pascataqua admirably suited to

the work of installing the beginning of an American navy. In 1776, the *Raleigh*, of thirty-two guns, was built. A little later, from Langdon's Island, close by us here, the *Ranger* was launched. John Paul Jones took her, with a hardy crew drawn from this neighborhood, and sped over to the English Channel, there to make history with her. On the same island they built a ship-of-the-line (ordered by the Continental Congress), the *America*, a marvel of her day, whose fate it was to be given to our ally, France.

When the naval war of 1812 was upon us, there came to command this station an officer freshly crowned with honors, the victor of the *Constitution* — Isaac Hull.

Here, at an early period of the struggle for the Union, a ship was built under pressure of haste, yet deftly and strongly, — the *Kearsarge*. It seems but yesterday that your speaker stood upon her deck while she gracefully slid down the ways. She, too, was heard of in the English Channel.

Of further associations that must have inspired the hero of the lower Mississippi and of Mobile Bay with a degree of affec-

tion for this historic Yard, a single instance may be mentioned of touching significance.

Among the commanders who fought their ships under the eye of their intrepid flag-officer, there was one whose name is linked with that of Farragut in a sad yet glorious distinction; an officer who was born here, where we now are met, who was christened in the church (St. John's) from which the Admiral was buried.

In the Mobile attack, Farragut from the flagship could see the ironclad *Tecumseh* taking a short cut over a line set with torpedoes. Suddenly, torn open by a torpedo, she was settling down to take her final plunge. Her captain and pilot (you recall the incident) reached the foot of the ladder at the same instant. The officer stepped to one side and motioned to the other to mount. The pilot escaped. Craven went down with his ship, as did many another gallant soul that day.

It is worthy of remembrance that Admiral Farragut should have breathed his last here upon the spot where Tunis Augustus Macdonough Craven was born.

Of those who served under Farragut in

the Gulf few now survive. An officer or two, and a handful of men, are here to testify of their love for their old commander. To you, and to each of you, we pay the homage of our deep gratitude for the service you so nobly rendered.

How can I express the satisfaction we feel at the presence of the writer of the felicitous words upon this tablet, "Faithful and fearless"—the Admiral of the Navy—the illustrious Dewey!

In your career, sir, we see a monument to the genius of your great predecessor. The youth has bent the bow of Ulysses. Apt pupil of a consummate master!

We cannot give too much praise to the successful naval commander. He has earned our lasting gratitude for what he has accomplished. He has reached his rank, we must remember, only after years of disciplinary self-command, of arduous toil, step by step upward. Indiscriminate and extravagant words of eulogy may, it is true, fall from lips that speak after but little reflection. But the more closely we study the nature of the qualities that are needed to insure success in the highest command, the more abun-

dantly will our hearts respond in terms of admiration for the deeds of the great leader, whether on sea or land.

A battle, let us remind ourselves, is an intellectual struggle — the opposing of two minds in play at high tension. He to whom supreme command has been intrusted is putting his wits against those of his antagonist. Each is trying to solve a problem; each has to think it all out for himself. One man's will-power animates the mass. Men learn quickly enough of what sort of stuff the commander-in-chief is made. There is small likelihood of going astray when we would estimate the importance of the admiral, or the general, in bringing about results.

Farragut possessed to a remarkable degree all these requisite qualities. He saw clearly, reasoned soundly, acted promptly. Nature had been generous to him, and a course of training, early begun, had developed his powers in the right direction. He was at once aggressive and prudent. He had a keen sense of opportunity offered; and his self-reliance enabled him to seize that moment of opportunity and make the most of it. He displayed, moreover, that essential ele-

ment of successful leadership — a capacity to impart to others the impetus of his own dash and enthusiasm, seasoned with confidence in the wisdom of the move he was making.

In brief, the nearer you approach this great captain, the more does he impress you as having been cut out expressly for the task that President Lincoln bade him undertake.

Let me add a word to declare my profound conviction that the officers of our Navy at the present moment are upholding a standard of professional excellence of which this country cannot be too proud. They constitute a body of highly educated gentlemen, who, for proficiency in the art of naval warfare, for good judgment, for force, and for moral courage, are not surpassed by the officers of any other naval service, nor indeed by officers of our own Navy of any former period. This estimate is advanced as the fruit of long observation on the part of one who has not been without a vantage-ground to look from.

This tablet is going to inspire many a young man who shall see it in days to come, telling him of a public servant who marked

out for himself a line of duty, and in its faithful and fearless performance brought safety and glory to his country.

The Admiral was of the old Navy — a thoroughgoing sailor. He had captains upon whom he could rely — splendid officers ; but alike in the conception and in the execution of the plan, his was the master mind. He earned his laurels fairly. He wore them modestly. The American people will hold in everlasting honor the name of DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT.



VII

RICHARD WORSAM MEADE



VII

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF A TABLET IN MEMORY OF REAR AD- MIRAL RICHARD WORSAM MEADE, U. S. N., AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY

ANNAPOLIS MARYLAND MAY 30 1901

[THE unveiling of the tablet in memory of Rear Admiral Richard Worsam Meade, U. S. N., occurred on a beautiful May day, at a time when the grounds of the Naval Academy looked most lovely. The exercises were in charge of Commander Richard Wainwright, U. S. N., Superintendent of the Academy. Commander Allan C. Blakewell of Lafayette Post, New York City, with appropriate remarks, presented the tablet to the Naval Academy. The gift was accepted by Commander Wainwright. The tablet bears a finely executed medallion head of the late Rear Admiral; and the inscription recites the various grades which he had attained in the service, with the date of each promotion.

The following description of the exercises is quoted from the "Army and Navy Register," Washington, June 1, 1901 : —

Impressive and beautiful exercises were held May 30 in the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, when a memorial tablet to the late Admiral Richard Worsam Meade was installed. The memorial was the gift of La-

fayette Post No. 40, Department of New York, G. A. R., of which the late admiral was commander at the time of his death in May, 1897, and about one hundred and fifty members of the post came on a special train from New York to be present at the services. A party went from this city, including Mr. Frank W. Hackett, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Rear Admiral W. K. Van Reypen, Rear Admiral R. B. Bradford, Captain Samuel C. Lemly, Captain Theo. F. Jewell, U. S. Navy, and wife; Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. Navy, and wife; General A. E. Bates, General A. R. Buffington, General Joseph C. Breckinridge, Major Frank A. Butts and wife, Captain Gideon A. Lyon, Lieutenant James Edwin Browne, Captain George H. Patrick, Colonel Watson W. Eldridge, and Major John S. Loud, U. S. Army.]

COMMANDER AND COMRADES OF LAFAYETTE
POST:—

After this beautiful and touching ceremony, whose meaning I am sure has come near to every heart, it would seem almost as though no further word can be either appropriate, or in any sense needful. But I am here to-day in obedience to the call of duty, representing the Navy Department, and it is a pleasure to me to express the sense of the Navy Department of this tribute of yours to the memory of one of the most gallant officers of the service.

I wish, in the few remarks that I shall make, to begin by extending my heartfelt

thanks to my comrades of the Lafayette Post for giving me this great privilege of coming here and looking into your faces, and of participating in the exercises of this most solemn and yet joyous occasion.

You will be glad to know, Comrades, that I am the bearer, to each and every one of you, of a message from Comrade William McKinley. I had the pleasure this morning, only a few hours ago, of paying my respects to the President upon his safe return. You will be glad to hear that he is in good health, and that Mrs. McKinley, although suffering still, has stood the journey remarkably well.

When I informed the President that I was to go to Annapolis in an hour or two, and told him the object of my visit, he said to me, "Tell the members of Lafayette Post that they have my best wishes, and that I sympathize fully with them in the object of their mission."

This is indeed a beautiful ceremony of yours. You do all that you can, in man's feeble way, to hand down to posterity some record of one whom you admire and love and honor as a faithful adherent to duty.

Man has always, from the earliest ages, striven to record in some way the virtues of a hero, in marble or in bronze, by monument or by tablet. In later years, now that we have printing, it is not perhaps so altogether necessary to seek expression in marble and bronze. Still, the artistic sense prevails; and the day probably will never come when we shall not find erected from time to time monuments to such as in the opinion of their fellow men deserve to be thus commemorated.

In some respects, to-day is of all the days of the year the most beautiful, aside from the religious days of Christmas and Easter. What indeed can be more beautiful than the sight of this great country from ocean to ocean, ceasing from its daily toil, and devoting the livelong day to the one task and pleasure of bringing back vividly to memory the features of the loved ones who have gone before — gone after performing the highest duty that man has ever performed, that of sustaining the flag.

It is a day dedicated to the memories of the past. A day distinct from all the other days of the year. So full are its memories,

and so large the stream of recollections, that it seems almost impossible to talk upon this theme. Yet I cannot forbear to revert for a moment to the days of '61. That year of '61 has in my mind a music, because (if you will allow me to say so) it was the year of my graduation from college. I can recall as though it were yesterday the stirring scenes that I witnessed in Boston the day after Fort Sumter was fired on. The city, I remember, was ablaze with excitement. Everywhere the flag was seen. On Beacon Street I saw a file of men in citizens' clothes, falling in behind a drummer, on their way to get together in a military company. Only a little later, regiments gathered, and were marching through the streets of Boston.

But I may not dwell on those scenes. It is enough to say that no one who was not then a living witness of what was going on can fully realize what the breaking-out of the war signified; what the long years of privation and suffering, and anxiety whether this government could be preserved. You of a later generation can turn to the story as it is told by the ablest and most accurate writers, or be moved by the most stirring

poet, and yet you do not get the reality. As I have said, one must have lived through it. Happy is that young man whose father, or whose near relative, took part in that great struggle, and is yet spared to tell him really what some of the scenes of those days were.

I know that my friends here in front are carried back to those early days, and live over again that period of patriotism and of brotherhood, as they stood shoulder to shoulder. The fraternity and affection springing from comradeship in arms—what can surpass it?

My friends, you have come here to signify the love, affection, and admiration that you have for one of your number—the late Rear Admiral Richard Worsam Meade. You have done well to select him as a typically brave and gallant officer of the Navy.

My friends, the Navy, I am proud to say, has had many a hero; and I believe it has many a hero in embryo, but you have to-day paid tribute to one well worthy of commemoration in this chapel. Look around you and you will see the names of those honored here. Each of them has achieved that highest and best performance of duty,

which has ever been the glory of the American Navy.

Richard Worsam Meade was a man not of the ordinary kind. He was a brave and gallant officer. He was a man of ideas. He was a man of undaunted courage. He was a man of penetrating vision. He was a man of a good deal of independence in thought and action. I did not have the honor and pleasure of knowing him personally, but I can say that I did know and knew well one of his family, a younger brother.

This gentleman was an Acting Assistant Paymaster in the Navy. I met him on the sounds of North Carolina, and upon a short acquaintance I learned to respect and esteem him highly. "Hal" Meade was an impetuous, open-hearted, lovable fellow, showing, I believe, many of the characteristics of the Meade family.

Then I may say here that the Board on Awards, on which I have been serving, lately had before them the case of Colonel Robert L. Meade, of the Marine Corps, brother of the late Rear Admiral Meade. Colonel Meade is an example of devotion to duty. In the recent campaign in China, although

confined to his bed with rheumatic gout, and in great pain, he insisted on getting up, and going out into the field. There he performed arduous duties in a most gallant manner. Every member of the Board was happy to recommend him to the Secretary of the Navy for the brevet of Brigadier-General of the Marine Corps, which honor has been conferred upon him.

The Meades are all brave and gallant. The father of the late Rear Admiral Meade was himself a well-known officer, a man ready to do his duty under any and all circumstances. The best traits of the officer whose memory you are observing to-day were inherited traits, such as have been freely exhibited in various members of his family. There were exemplified in his own person those high qualities which have distinguished the Meade family for years.

Let me say here, in the presence of these young men, how thoroughly I believe in the policy of keeping up the family name in the service, both in the Army and Navy. This I conceive to be one of the best means, as well as one of the most fruitful sources of obtaining a high quality of officers — that

father and son and grandson continue in the service. The exercises of this day illustrate the wisdom of such a course ; for, as I have already said, Richard Meade's father was a man of high reputation as an officer, who served his country faithfully, while the uncle of Rear Admiral Meade was the well-known Meade of Gettysburg fame.

Richard Worsam Meade must have been very familiar with these beautiful grounds here at Annapolis. He came to the Academy at the early age of thirteen ; and, as was the custom in those days, he stayed here only one year, and then was sent to sea. After that he came back again to Annapolis.

Many years later, he was here as head of the department of seamanship. I am told by those who remember his service in this responsible place that here Meade developed an originality of conception that proved of great value to the Academy. He found things in a chaotic condition. He introduced new methods, and carried to a point of such excellence the work of his department, that he has left his mark upon the annals of the Academy.

I have no time to recite in detail his ser-

vices to his country. He took part in numerous engagements during the war, and was mentioned in general orders for gallant conduct. Meade was a man who would stick to an idea if he considered it to be right—and that is the stuff that commanding officers and great men are made of. His career in the service has left behind it a reputation as a good sailor and a fine officer. He had one excellent trait, and that is, he was generous of praise of any officer serving under him who deserved favorable mention. He was a strict disciplinarian. He made an extraordinary cruise in the South Seas in the *Narragansett*, and kept his ship in splendid order. Indeed, it has been said of him that he could take a ship and keep it in thorough order with as little cost by way of expenditure as any commanding officer in the service. This latter accomplishment, as you may imagine, is appreciated at the Department.

As an illustration of his tenacity to what he conceived to be right, I can relate a little incident, although I do not want the young gentlemen here to deem it a proper thing in the way of obeying orders. The story is told of Meade, that while in the department

of seamanship, at the Academy, he was out on a practice cruise, commanding, I believe, the *Dale*. The commander of the squadron, observing that Meade's ship was not in proper position, ran up the signal to him, "You are out of station." To this Meade replied by signal, "The flagship is off her station."

The services of this distinguished officer during the war were continuous and most valuable. It appears that several times he had to go to the hospital on account of illness, but just as soon as he could get out he returned to duty. He had somewhat of a varied career. He was a strong man, intensely American in feeling, was cool, courageous, able—a fine type of an officer of the Navy of the United States.

Rear Admiral Meade was a man, too, of literary tastes. He prepared one or two books of value. He was a great admirer of John Paul Jones, and had studied the subject thoroughly. I have heard that he delivered a lecture upon the career of John Paul Jones, and that it was an admirable presentation of the traits of that great officer. Meade believed that a statue of Jones should be

erected in Washington, at the southwest corner of Lafayette Square, across the Avenue from the Navy Department, and he worked to accomplish this result.

I wish I could go on longer and talk about the subject of this tablet, because it is interesting to all of us; certainly to the cadets here, and to you gentlemen of the Post who knew him personally — but I must conclude.

I only want to say a single word more, and that to my young friends of the Academy.¹ I would have you young gentlemen draw a lesson from such a scene as this. The lesson is that the Republic is grateful. You have sometimes heard it said that republics are ungrateful. That expression was coined years and years ago, in the days of Athens, I believe. It has no application to our country. The Republic of the United States is grateful, and that gratitude is shown in various ways. This is one of the ways in which it is shown. Here is a tablet put up to-day—it has come about in the natural order of events—in honor of a man who had done his duty. To do his duty was the keynote of his life,

¹ See Appendix V.

and this is the lesson that you will draw from the scene around you to-day.

Some of you are about to go out from these surroundings, and enter upon the more active duties of your profession. Remember that the keynote of your conduct through life should be a firm adherence to duty. Be true to this sentiment, and you will succeed. You will become, as your predecessors in the Navy have been, — a credit and an honor to the United States.



VIII
THOMAS TINGEY



VIII

ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF A TABLET IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN THOMAS TINGEY, U. S. N.

AT THE NAVY YARD WASHINGTON DIS-
TRICT OF COLUMBIA NOVEMBER 28 1906

[THE ceremony of unveiling the tablet fixed to the wall of the Commandant's house took place at the Navy Yard at eleven o'clock, forenoon, of Wednesday, the 28th of November, 1906, under the charge of the Commandant, Captain Eugene Henry Cozzens Leutze, U. S. N. A respectable concourse of people were present. A large body of marines and sailors stood in line with the entire Marine Band.

Prayer was offered by the Reverend Arthur Johns, Rector of Christ Church (near the Navy Yard), where Captain Tingey had been a vestryman. The Secretary of the Navy (Bonaparte), after saying a few words appropriate to the occasion, withdrew the drapery that concealed the tablet. The band played the National Anthem, and a Captain's salute was fired. The tablet bears the following inscription:—

Died in this house February 23, 1829, Captain Thomas Tingey, United States Navy, who for almost half a century served his country as an officer of the Navy. He laid out this Navy Yard and for twenty-eight years was its commandant.

Ex-Secretaries of the Navy, Chandler and Herbert, were present, as was Judge Alexander B. Hagner, President of the Columbia Historical Society. Mrs. J. H. Chichester, of Fairfax County, Virginia, the only living grandchild of Captain Tingey, was among the ladies in attendance. Lieutenant Thomas Tingey Craven, U. S. N., great-grandson of Captain Tingey, and Robert, son of the late T. A. M. Craven, U. S. N., likewise attended the exercises.]

THE American people have awakened to the value of historic associations. They are minded that hereafter no site of a noteworthy public event shall go unmarked. In this spirit we are here to commemorate the beginnings of the Washington Navy Yard.

Congress, by Act of February 2, 1799, authorized the building of six ships, of seventy-four guns each. The Secretary of the Navy named Washington as a place where one of the ships should be built. He bought for four thousand dollars a tract of forty acres here on the Eastern Branch. Benjamin Stoddert, of Georgetown, was a sagacious man of business. He looked the country over to discover a person suited to the task of laying out and getting into working order the new Yard. He had in hand plans drawn by the ingenious Latrobe, but

what he wanted was a man of administrative ability, of experience, and of sound judgment as to building and fitting-out ships-of-war, and maintaining a plant for speedy repairs. Such men were rare in those days.

There was living, however, at Kingston, New Jersey, "an officer," to quote the Secretary's words, "of great merit in our service. . . . A man of understanding, who, having seen the navy yards of England," would "be able to direct the laying-out of that in Washington to the greatest advantage." In obedience to a summons this officer came here in midwinter to a place that was little better than a wilderness. Walking around the tract—at some points drifted snow had covered up the stake and stone—the newcomer examined the lay of the land and the water facilities, and pronounced the site "eligibly chosen." With the advance of the season he erected a high board fence, and had men at work building a wharf. From this date down to February, 1829, the man diligently applied himself to the growth and development of this Yard; and when death overtook him here, at the age of almost eighty, all Washington mourned the loss of a friend. To-day

we do honor to the memory of Captain Thomas Tingey of the United States Navy.

The son of a clergyman, he was born at London, England, on the 11th of September, 1750. When not quite twenty-one he was put in command of a blockade house and a guard of twenty-two men at Chateaux Bay, on the coast of Labrador. This was Fort Pitt, built in 1763 to protect the fisheries. Tingey's orders were from Commodore Byron, then Governor of Newfoundland, — grandfather of the poet, — a somewhat eccentric commander, known to the service as "Foul Weather Jack." They bear date 31st July, 1771, from on board the *Panther*, at St. John's; and they direct Mr. Tingey to proceed in the sloop *Nautilus* to his lonely destination.

Tradition says that young Tingey resigned from the British Navy because of a difficulty with another officer. However this may be, he seems to have found his way to these colonies. The statement also rests on tradition that he served in the Continental Navy, and at the close of the Revolutionary War made his home in New Jersey, where he entered into trade with the East Indies.

Some time, while our infant Navy was getting itself started, Tingey appears to have returned to his profession; and by the last years of the century he had gained repute as an officer of superior talent. Upon the reorganization of the Navy, in 1798, the President named him as one of the additional captains, and gave to his commission the earliest date of the five then appointed. Captain Tingey was assigned to the command of the *Ganges*, twenty-four guns, then fitting out for sea at Marcus Hook. He ranked third in the squadron for the West Indies, his seniors being Barry and Truxtun.

Two small vessels were added to his command, and he was ordered to guard the Windward Passage, between Hispaniola and Cuba. The duty of protecting our merchant vessels against the attack of French privateers he performed with spirit and with due circumspection.

One day the *Ganges* was entering the port of St. Thomas. Her commander had learned that it was the intention of the Danish authorities, when he should have saluted their flag, to return the salute with a smaller number of guns. He sent an officer

on shore to inform the commandant of the port that the Danish flag would be saluted only upon condition of return of gun for gun. Needless to say, the condition was complied with.

During the same year (1799), Tingey fell in with a British frigate, whose captain dispatched an officer to the *Ganges* to make inquiries with regard to the presence on board of British seamen. Captain Tingey was informed that his simple assurance would be sufficient to prevent an officer being sent to examine the protections of his crew. "I did not hesitate to say," so he reports to the Department, "that I considered all my crew Americans, born or adopted; but I told the officer further that I did not believe there was one single protection in the ship, the only one we carried in our public ships being our flag." He adds that he had declared to his officers a purpose to fall at his post rather than submit to an investigation; and that he had pledged himself to his crew that not a man of them should be taken from the ship by any force whatever while he was able to stand at quarters. In replying, March 7, 1799, the Secretary says:

“The President highly approves of the conduct you pursued with regard to the British frigate you fell in with.” This behavior on the part of Captain Tingey furnishes one of the earliest instances of that determined resolution evinced by the little American Navy, which at last compelled England to abandon the position she had assumed of exercising the right to take away a man whom she deemed to be a British subject from whatever deck she might find him.

What with convoying merchant vessels, visiting different harbors, and chasing privateers, Tingey was kept busy enough. His most important capture was that of the *Vainqueur*, eight guns and eighty-five men, a swift vessel, overhauled only after a chase of ninety miles. Upon the signing of the treaty of peace with France our Navy was reduced, and many officers, of whom Tingey was one, were discharged. He returned to his home in New Jersey, and again applied himself to mercantile pursuits.

But the public demand for a Navy, which Congress in part had answered by providing for these six seventy-fours, would not suffer such a man as Tingey to remain long out

of the service. As we have seen, he was sent for to come to Washington and call into existence a Navy Yard.

He was first made Superintendent, and then, in 1804, by virtue of a special act of Congress, he was reappointed a captain in the Navy and Commandant of this Yard. Energy and discretion marked his administration of affairs. He was zealous and untiring. The valuable historic sketch of the Yard, by Chaplain Hibben, speaks of its first Commandant in terms of unqualified praise. It alludes particularly to the mass of letters on file at the Department, all written in his own hand, as proving with what painstaking fidelity he looked after details of these many exacting duties.

In 1808 Tingey submitted to the Secretary of the Navy a set of rules for the government of the Yard. So well adapted were they to their purpose that the Department applied them to every Yard on the coast. Preble says that they appear to be the basis out of which have grown all the subsequent regulations for the government of our Navy Yards.

There is a chapter in our early annals of

which, it would seem, we have small reason to be proud. In 1814, when the British forces entered Washington, the responsibility lay upon Captain Tingey of protecting this Navy Yard, with its vessels and stores.

Much working at cross-purposes, and consequent confusion, marked what by a stretch of courtesy may be entitled the defense of Washington on that unfortunate occasion. Upon the night of the 24th of August three great fires lighted up the sky. There were burning at the same time the Capitol, the White House, and the Navy Yard. Secretary Jones had given to Captain Tingey a positive order (said to have been agreed to by the unanimous vote of the entire cabinet), which compelled that officer most reluctantly to apply the torch. Fortunately, the house of the Commandant was spared from the flames. Tingey's report of his performance of this duty reveals the character of the man.

Captain Tingey, during his long residence here, showed himself to be a good citizen as well as a valuable officer. He took a lively interest in what was going on in Washington. He knew and liked the towns-

people. They liked and admired the "Commodore," as the Commandant of a Navy Yard was in that day popularly styled. His name heads the list of the vestry of Christ Church in 1806. He was an incorporator of the cemetery of that church — now the Congressional Cemetery. His remains lie at the entrance, close to the office of the Superintendent, so that the stone to his memory is the first object that greets the visitor.

Captain Tingey was a man of fine proportions and of handsome features. He had a dignified and courtly bearing. He was fond of society, where his knowledge of the world and really kind heart made him a general favorite. He maintained health and strength to an unusual age, and was "busy in these scenes until the last plaudit."

Is it too much to believe that this excellent officer had transmitted to his descendants somewhat of his own gallant spirit? His grandson, Thomas Tingey Craven, born at this Yard, fought the *Brooklyn* at the passage of the forts below New Orleans; while another grandson (brother to Thomas), Tunis Augustus MacDonough Craven, went down with his ironclad *Tecumseh*, in Mobile

Bay, quietly stepping to one side at the foot of the ladder, that the pilot might rush up and escape with his life.

May this Yard long continue to prosper and grow more and more useful to the country. Happy, indeed, is it that its early fortunes were presided over by so true a man as Thomas Tingey.

IX

CHARLES WILLIAMSON FLUSSER

IX

PAPER READ BEFORE THE DISTRICT
OF COLUMBIA COMMANDERY OF THE
MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL
LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES
NOVEMBER 1 1899

COMMEMORATING LIEUTENANT-COMMAN-
DER CHARLES WILLIAMSON FLUSSER,
U. S. N., IN THE FIGHT WITH THE CON-
FEDERATE RAM ALBEMARLE

IN the autumn of 1862, the United States steam gunboat *Miami*, after having done picket duty on James River, was ordered from Hampton Roads to the Sounds of North Carolina. The *Miami* had been built somewhat hastily at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, and was, I believe, the first to be launched of a class of double-enders, so called. She was a large paddle-wheel steamer, with a long flush deck, and furnished with steering-gear and a rudder at the bow as well as stern, so that she would run forward or backward, an important advantage in river service, for

which this class of light-draught vessels had been designed.

As a matter of fact, it turned out that she ran much better stern foremost. Her capacity for taking a sheer was phenomenal. Before I was ordered to her as an acting assistant paymaster she had been with Porter's mortar fleet below New Orleans. Here she managed to inspire almost as much dread in our own fleet as on the part of the enemy; and her wayward behavior had gained for her the nickname of the "*Miasma*."

In the hope of checking this propensity to run into other ships, an enormous wheel had been placed upon her hurricane deck, with the pilot protected in part by sheets of boiler iron set upright. For all her eccentricity, the *Miami* proved to be a comfortable ship to live in, with plenty of deck-room. She carried a very formidable battery. We had four nine-inch Dahlgrens on either side, a nine-inch pivot aft, and a hundred-pound Parrott rifle forward, besides a complement of howitzers.

Our commander was Acting Lieutenant Robert Townsend—a fine officer of the old school. He had resigned from the service

some time before the war, but had now returned when his country needed him. In the fight with the forts below New Orleans, when he was executive officer of the *Miami*, Townsend had displayed admirable coolness and bravery. He had many accomplishments, was of polished manners, and devoted to reading. He was large and fine-looking. Though he wore his hair in short ringlets and was of a benignant countenance, he exhibited unusual strength of character. Captain Townsend, in fine, was liked by all on board, for all had the fullest confidence in his ability and courage.

After some months of service at Washington and other points, we were, much to our regret, deprived of our commanding officer, for the Department, knowing the value of Townsend's qualifications, detached him and ordered him to the command of the iron-clad *Essex* on the upper Mississippi. His place was supplied temporarily by Commander Henry K. Davenport, then the senior officer in command in North Carolina waters.

On the 8th of May, 1863, all hands were mustered to witness the turning over of

the command to Lieutenant-Commander Charles W. Flusser. This gallant young officer (for he was scarcely thirty years of age) was no stranger to us, or to any sailor or soldier who had served on the North Carolina coast. No sooner, indeed, had we reached Hatteras Inlet, on our way to the Sounds, than we began to hear of Flusser and his achievements. The story of his dashing straight at the rebel flagship in the action at Roanoke Island, and his hailing Commodore Lynch with "Get out your fenders," and of his unceasing activity in these waters with the *Commodore Perry*, a man-of-war improvised out of a ferryboat, was a topic of admiring conversation time and time again among officers and men. We knew that he had a brilliant career in prospect; in fact, he had already gained great distinction. Flusser was the one man in the Sounds of North Carolina whom everybody, afloat or ashore, regarded as a born leader, a daring yet wise commander.

It may well be imagined, therefore, that we felt honored at having such an officer for our captain. Flusser looked like a man capable of great deeds. You could not be in

his presence without at once seeing that he was of a superior mettle. He was a little below medium height, sparsely built, of light complexion, bronzed from exposure, with a large and piercing eye, and a long tawny moustache, the ends of which he sometimes unconsciously pulled while talking. A favorite article of dress with him was a blue jacket given open to the breeze, without waistcoat, and his cap had a habit of perching itself jauntily to one side. While lying off Plymouth there was much time to go ashore; and our captain used to be a good deal on horseback, generally at full speed, for it was his habit to move quickly whether on deck or on land.

Sailors, among themselves, habitually speak of the commanding officer as "The Old Man," with a fine disregard for actual years. It seemed no way inappropriate that gray-haired petty officers should allude to Captain Flusser as "The Old Man," he appearing to them, as he did, the embodiment of so much authority and dignity.

Our new commander had not been a week on board before a marked change became visible in the discipline of the crew. Every-

thing about the ship was put in first-class man-of-war order. Drills were more frequent and more exacting, and the rattle would be sprung at any moment, when least looked for, to call us to quarters. A sense of graver responsibility seemed to rest upon each one of us officers.

Our chief station remained, as before, at Plymouth, a small town that straggled along the right bank of the Roanoke, not a great distance above its mouth, where it empties into Albemarle Sound. For much of the time the stream at Plymouth, which has no great width, is turbid and yellow. The Union forces, it should be explained, held Hatteras Inlet, Roanoke Island, Plymouth, Washington, New Berne, and, at the ocean, Morehead City—the two latter positions being connected by a railroad that we operated. To get from one of our points to another (save only by this railroad connection) required a long detour by water. It had been a dream of Flusser, from the first, to steam up the Roanoke, and in coöperation with the army, to seize and occupy Weldon, a point of vital consequence in the defense of Richmond; but the plan was never attempted.

Flusser knew no idle moments. He had early applied himself to a study of the topography of this region, the facilities of communication by land and by water, the character of the people, the extent of the lurking Union sentiment; in a word, of all that variety of detail whose acquisition goes far to make a military mind the master of the situation. He never lost an opportunity to keep close watch of what the enemy was doing, or was likely to do; and he managed somehow, with more or less regularity, to get news from the interior. The Raleigh "Standard," printed, I remember, on a half-sheet of coarse paper, used to find its way through our lines at repeated intervals. Our captain knew "Johnny Reb" and his methods pretty thoroughly, and he was not easily deceived.

I may say here that Flusser, who was of Maryland birth, had entered the Navy, in 1847, from Kentucky. His two brothers, Ottaker and Guy, served in the rebel army. Both were killed; one, way in the advance at Malvern Hill. Intensely loyal was Flusser. To his young sister, the only other member of the family who had remained true to the Union, he wrote: "As for me, you may

expect me to do my duty. All that I am I owe to my country." A letter written by him to Captain Tatnall of the Navy, who had resigned to go South, was, as I recall it, scorching in the terms with which he denounced treachery to the flag. So ardent were the feelings of this noble spirit that, when his own brother sent word by flag-of-truce that he would like to meet Charles and talk with him, the latter refused to consider it.

Let us pass over the narrative of expeditions made to various points, and over many events of minor importance, to come directly to the subject of this paper — the rebel ram *Albemarle*, and the tragic story of Flusser's heroism in his conflict with that historic ironclad vessel.

The startling success of the *Merrimac* in her attack upon the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* emboldened the little Confederate Navy with hopes of victory elsewhere over wooden hulls. Our naval commanders were not unaware of the danger. As early as October, 1862, Rear Admiral Lee, in command of the North Atlantic Squadron, urged upon the Secretary of the Navy the necessity of building ironclads of light draught for ser-

vice in North Carolina waters and elsewhere. The subject was considered, and the Navy Department contracted with private builders for twenty of these vessels, some of which, by the terms of the contract, were to be completed as early as September, 1863; but for various reasons the construction was faulty, and this class of "monitors" was never available.

Soon after the first arrival of the *Miami* at Plymouth, where the *Commodore Perry* and some smaller gunboats were on guard, rumors became rife that the enemy were at work further up the river, upon an ironclad, supposed to be building somewhere near Hamilton. When Flusser took command, and our permanent station was off Plymouth, the rebel ram continued to be a lively topic of conversation; but, of course, I knew nothing of what information the captain had from time to time gathered, nor till a much later period did I learn what were his plans of defense against her.

The private letters, preserved at the Navy Department, from Captain Flusser to Captain Davenport of the *Hetzel*, at New Berne, I have now, after the lapse of thirty-five

years, had an opportunity to read. They bring back vividly those scenes of the past. It must be premised that Flusser gave timely intelligence to his superiors of what was going on. So great a confidence did the Secretary of the Navy have in his judgment and fertility of resource that at a very early period he sent for Lieutenant-Commander Flusser to come to Washington to confer on the subject of the threatened incursion of this formidable craft. The visit was hurriedly paid, just as soon as it had been authoritatively learned that the ram was under construction. Flusser writes, 22d July, 1863: "The floating battery and steamer up the river at Edwards Ferry are having their irons put on. They could be destroyed by 500 cavalry, landing at Winton, and marching on them with some combustibles. If they are not destroyed, they will give us trouble yet. Keep it quiet and suggest it to Foster or Potter." Later, on 9th October, he says, "There is another report of the Roanoke sheep. It is said she is surely coming down now in a few days, and as I intend to sink her, and need the aid of the *Southfield*, I know of no one whom I would rather have

to aid me than French." This was Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Charles A. French, an officer of much merit, upon whom Flusser placed great reliance. On 27th October he sent word of a report that the ram had sunk when launched, expressing his doubt as to whether this be not "a weak invention of the enemy." Again, on 8th November, he says: "There was a report that the ram was to have been at Plymouth on Thursday last. No attack yet. If the battery they contemplate putting up there to hold one hundred-pounder and one two hundred-pounder was complete, I think I should be glad to see the boat come down. At any rate, with what we have I'll try pretty hard to whip her. Send up the *Southfield*." On November 16: "I have kept the *Delaware* here because I thought the ram might come down. Last report from above is that she sunk while launching, and that the rebs are blocking up the river with stones — both lies, I suspect. I am trying to make one more torpedo." Five days later, he says, "I think we will have time to put things in good order before our friend from above ventures down. I required six hulls from the Admiral. I think

the Army will send some." These hulls he intended to sink in the channel above as an obstruction. He sent to the Admiral a well-designed plan for sinking these obstructions with torpedoes, but his plan could not be, or at least was not, acted upon. On 25th November, 1863, he writes: "The Admiral seems to think it was scarcely worth while to block up the river here. If he thinks so, I do *tam bien*, so I suppose he'll soon send you orders for the light-boats here." (These were strong vessels that in peace times were used to display a light, anchored off dangerous shoals in the Sounds.) "In the meantime I shall build some torpedoes, and have the boats ready to sink, in case we hear that the vessel is more formidable or more nearly completed than we now think her."

These letters were written usually from Plymouth. Flusser had one or two small gunboats with him with which he would occasionally go out into the Sound, up the Chowan River, or to other points where guerrillas were heard from.

Any one who has been on a ship in war times knows the rapidity with which rumors of all sorts and descriptions pass among the

crew and in the smoking-room of the officers. Of course, as we chatted nobody appeared to know anything of the plans of the captain. We all had an implicit faith that he would be equal to any emergency that might arise. It was a pretty serious prospect, however, that of an ironclad vessel coming down to attack us, who depended solely on wooden walls. As a precautionary measure a water battery had been built just above the town of Plymouth, and a two-hundred-pound rifle-gun mounted there. It was intended to keep a sharp lookout and sink the invader by one well-directed shot from this powerful gun. It is hardly needful to add that we had a picket-boat up the river constantly on duty.

We may turn aside for a moment to mention an incident that shows what type of man was the officer of whom we are speaking. The troops on shore, holding Plymouth behind strong fortifications, were about two thousand in number, under command of one of the best soldiers in the army, Brigadier-General Henry W. Wessells, a man as brave as he was modest.

Flusser writes to Davenport, under date of March 4, 1864, as follows:—

In the New York "Herald" of the 27th ult. there appears a silly article about General Wessells and myself. I had not observed it till General Wessells spoke to me of it, and showed me a letter he had written to General Peck concerning it. I requested him to state that it was equally repugnant to me as to him. I have no desire for newspaper notoriety. Will you do me the favor to ascertain who it was who wrote it, and have the thing stopped for the future? Such articles may be intended to do an officer good, but they injure his reputation among officers—those whose opinion he regards, and can only avail with the masses, whose good opinion, if undeserved, he should despise, or at least be ashamed of possessing.

The "Herald" article reads:—

NEW BERNE, February 24, 1864.

From Plymouth we learn that C. W. Flusser, the Naval hero of these waters, commanding the Naval forces of that point, is, as usual, ready and very anxious to see the enemy. General Wessells, in command of the Army forces there, who enjoys a great popularity with his troops and the people, has sent word to General Peck that he and Flusser can hold Plymouth against any force the enemy may send.

The test of ability in an officer in time of war is found in the success that he achieves

with the instruments given him to work with. Flusser had, besides his own ship, with its heavy weight of metal, the *Southfield*, under French, a large and powerful boat that had been taken from the Staten Island Ferry. She, too, carried a fine battery — her vulnerable point being, of course, her exposed machinery — together with the *Whitehead* and the *Ceres*, both small and chiefly serviceable for picket duty. Flusser writes Davenport under date of 13th May, 1864: "I like General Wessells; we will get along comfortably together." As a matter of fact, he entertained a justly high opinion of Wessells's capacity and soldierly qualities. The coöperation of the two officers was hearty and most effectual. There was nothing in Flusser of that complaining spirit that waits to have a complete outfit before daring to make an attempt. He was content to go ahead and do his best with what means were actually put into his hands. He perfectly well knew, for instance, the numerous obstacles that prevented the hurried building and hastening to him of a light-draught monitor. He determined to be ready on the instant to cope with the enemy's ironclad, no matter whether the Navy

Department should send him armored vessels or not. He was fertile of invention, and quick to see the true bearings of offense and defense under new conditions.

Flusser's plan was a simple one. It was to lash together the *Miami* and the *Southfield*. They were to be securely chained, so that the two vessels could be handled as one. By running directly upon the ram and getting her between the two ships, so that the forward guns of each could play upon her sides, he was confident that he would have the iron monster at his mercy.

The sequel will show why the plan could not be carried into effect. In April, when the days were growing longer, the weather milder, and the river was running full from recent rains, ominous signs told us that the long-expected attack was nigh at hand.

Flusser wrote to his young sister on the 12th: "I shall have a formidable antagonist, little one, but I shall not fail to ask God's aid."

On Sunday afternoon, the 17th, about five o'clock, our captain came hastily on board, and we went at once to quarters. Our

outer pickets, it seems, had been driven in; and there was reason to believe that the enemy were advancing in force. A mile or so up the river, in plain sight of our ship, was an earthwork called Fort Gray. We soon saw puffs of smoke indicating firing from the fort; and the engagement at that point not long after became very brisk. I remember with what feelings of mingled sadness and indignation I saw our flag shot down. But the gallant fellows at the fort quickly replaced it upon, I believe, a tree near by. All Monday there was skirmishing at the front. About six o'clock in the evening we fell to work loosening the chains and hawsers that bound us to the *Southfield*. This was done that the *Miami* might drop down the river to the lower picket station, while the *Southfield* went up, so that each could shell the enemy. The aid given by our nine-inch guns was timely, and of essential service in repelling the furious assaults. We knew for a certainty that the ram would be down that night.

Late on Monday, Flusser sent off a brief dispatch to Davenport, and with it this, the last letter he ever wrote:—

Miami, PLYMOUTH, N. C., 18th April, 1864.

MY DEAR DAVENPORT, — The Army has been engaged with the enemy off and on all day.

About sunset the rebs advanced along our whole line, but were driven back. They were obstinate, and continued to fight till near nine o'clock. The *Southfield* and *Miami* took part, and the General says our firing was admirable.

I am fearful for Fort Gray. The enemy have established a battery of long-range guns above it, with which they would sink all our boats if we went near enough to the fort to fire grape and canister into the enemy's infantry. They sunk the Army steamer *Bombshell* to-day, temporarily under command of Ensign Stokes, who fought her well.

I gave the Army to-day one hundred projectiles for one-hundred-pounder Parrott. Please send powder, shot, and shells for that gun, for nine-inch and for twenty-pounder Parrott.

The ram will be down to-night or to-morrow. She was just after daylight this morning foul of a tree six miles above Williamston. I think, if she does n't stay under cover of their battery established above Fort Gray, that we shall whip her. I had to destroy the obstruction in the Thoroughfare as the *Whitehead* was above, and could not run by the battery placed below her on the Roanoke.

I have written the Admiral.

The 85th Redoubt repulsed three obstinate assaults, but the enemy remain near it.

In great haste,

Yours sincerely,

C. W. FLUSSER.

It was a custom of the writer in these private and confidential letters to send his compliments to the naval officers at New Berne. The letter I have just read is written on a half-sheet of letter-paper; at the bottom of the reverse of the sheet are a few blots of ink. The instinct of the gentleman asserts itself in this: that at the supreme moment of the imminence of an attack from a most formidable antagonist he should quietly add these words: "Remember me to your officers. Did not know this sheet was blotted till I wrote the other side."

The *Southfield* and the *Miami* had again been laid side by side and preparations begun to secure them as before. I can recall as if it were but yesterday the scene at about midnight. The moon was shining. The men were resting at the guns. The officer of the deck took his customary walk up and down. Everything was ready at a moment's notice. Captain Flusser seated himself on the low

edge of the starboard rail, I think it was, in the opening for the range of the pivot gun, on the quarter-deck. I sat there with him. His face wore the calm yet determined look that usually characterized him, but I fancied that he was a trifle more kindly in tone than was his wont. Perhaps it was a relief to him to talk of other subjects than that which was necessarily uppermost in our minds. I remember his telling a story of a man who was chased by an Indian, and who had crept into the hollow of a log; there he peeped out and saw the Indian brandishing his tomahawk and sounding the war-whoop. "Warn't I mad," said he; "I was so mad that—I—I—could have eaten a broiled chicken!" The captain bade me a cheerful good-night as I went below to "turn in with my boots on." It seemed but a few moments when the springing of the rattle called us to quarters. Shortly the word came to me, in the powder division aft, that Captain Flusser was killed, but that the men must not know it.

The *Albemarle*, for so the ram was called, waiting until the moon had gone down, had passed over the obstructions (such was the depth of the water), had dropped slowly

down the river on the further bank beneath the trees, and slipped by the water-battery without a shot being fired at her, then slanting her course had run her prow into the *Southfield*, which was on our port side. The *Southfield* almost immediately sank, carrying under a portion of the ram with her. As the iron monster lay abaft our port bow, the first broadside gun forward of the engine shaft almost reached her with its muzzle. Flusser, it seems, himself held the lanyard of the gun. The captain of the gun said to him quickly, "There's a shell, sir, in that gun." "Never mind, my lad," said he, "we'll give them this first, and solid shot after." With that he pulled the lockstring; the shell exploded on the iron side of the ram; fragments of it came back upon the *Miami*, and Flusser was instantly killed. The officer of the division, Acting Ensign Thomas G. Hargis, was so severely wounded that in a few days after, he died. One of the engineers also was slightly wounded, and one or two of the men, but not seriously. Flusser's presence at the gun was not chargeable to undue exposure of himself, but rather to the necessity he was under of seeing with

his own eyes the precise position of the enemy.

At the sinking of the *Southfield*, her commanding officer, French, a few other officers, and several of the crew jumped on board our ship. The moorings had been parted by the shock, and we were clear to take our own course. Instant decision had to be made. Single-handed we were no match for this ironclad ram, and we slowly steamed down the river, stern foremost, firing our bow gun. The ram fired at us once or twice, but the shot did not take effect. Some of the *Southfield* complement were drowned and others taken prisoners.

Had Flusser lived, in my judgment we should have either whipped the ram or been sunk by her. I firmly believe we should have gained the victory. This result I would attribute not wholly to the indomitable bravery and the quickly applied ingenuity of our commander, but in a measure to the unity of plan that he had resolved upon. Again, the inspiration that the living man was to the officers and crew was something indescribable. The action of Captain French in withdrawing the *Miami* from the river

was prudent and praiseworthy. In trying circumstances that officer exhibited a fortitude and discretion that entitle him to grateful remembrance.

The body of the lamented Flusser, covered with the flag, was taken to New Berne, where every honor was accorded it. His dust now hallows a beautiful spot in the grounds of the Naval Academy at Annapolis—an object of inspiration, let us hope, to the young gentlemen for generations yet to come to whom the country confides her naval honor.

The action of May 5, 1864, in the Sound between the *Albemarle* and eight wooden gunboats, under command of Captain Melancthon Smith; her retreat and her subsequent destruction by the intrepid Cushing, are well known in history.

One incident attending the death of Flusser deserves to be mentioned here, since it is not generally known. The *Albemarle* was fought with skill and daring by the Confederate Commander James W. Cooke, whom Flusser well knew as a former officer of the United States Navy. In the engagement at

Elizabeth City, North Carolina, February 10, 1862, Cooke commanded the *Ellis*, a small paddle-wheel ferry-boat. She was driven on shore under fire from our gunboats and grounded in two feet of water. Cooke gave orders for his men to save themselves, and they threw their muskets on deck and scrambled for shore. Cooke himself stayed on board the *Ellis*, firing with the abandoned muskets.

Flusser, in a launch from the *Commodore Perry*, boarded the *Ellis* and, recognizing Cooke as an old shipmate, ordered his men not to shoot, but to capture him. Cooke had been knocked down with the butt of a musket, and lay on his back slashing about with his sword and refusing to surrender. He was finally seized, carried a prisoner to the *Commodore Perry*, and later was paroled and exchanged.

When Captain Cooke of the *Albemarle* learned of Flusser's death, he expressed sorrow, especially that it should have occurred in combat with himself, whose life Flusser had saved about two years before.

The Confederates having thus got control of the river, their forces under General Hoke

assaulted our fortifications, and Wessells, after a most heroic defense, was compelled to yield to superior numbers. Wessells's official report is a model of its kind. His tribute to Captain Flusser breathes a spirit of magnanimity and admiration.

Rear Admiral Lee writes to the Secretary of the Navy under date of April 23, 1864: "This brave officer was a native of Maryland and a citizen of Kentucky. His patriotic and distinguished services had won for him the respect and esteem of the Navy and his country. He was generous, good, and gallant, and his untimely death is a real and great loss to the public service."

These are not the studied words of empty praise. They express in moderate terms what everybody who knew Flusser sincerely thought of him. Had he lived, Flusser would undoubtedly have risen to high rank in his profession. His ambition was of the right stuff—a devotion to duty and a love of country that knew no danger too great for him to encounter in her defense.

Though a man of the world, this distinguished officer felt the full force of the serious side of life. I have it on good authority

that he once told an intimate friend that it was his custom upon going into action to retire first to his cabin and, falling on his knees, to ask God to give him the victory. I feel that any word of mine is inadequate to portray his truly noble qualities to the reader that knew him not.

The other day I addressed a letter to an old companion of the Pay Corps in those long-ago days, Harry Anderson, of Portland, Maine, who was paymaster of the *Commodore Perry*. I cannot better close this hastily prepared sketch than by quoting from his reply :

I was glad to hear from you, and your letter brings up such a host of recollections that I feel as if I must answer it at once. . . .

You are quite right in saying that full justice has never been given to Flusser, and I am glad to hear that steps are being taken to place him where he belongs. He looms up in my recollections as one of the most picturesque figures of the war, and his eagle eye and thirteenth-century face are as distinct to me now as if I had seen him yesterday. You know that I was in daily contact with him for more than a year, and was his friend, companion, and confidant during the whole time. I had not only the greatest admiration for his exceptional qualities as a brave and gallant com-

mander, but I had also a great love for him as a man and a comrade. It seems to me at this day as if I have never seen a man in whom the kingly and heroic qualities were so beautifully combined with almost a womanly softness and tenderness. I should be glad to give the Department any data they may want in my possession, and if I can be of the slightest service in emphasizing the valuable and truly heroic lesson of his life, I shall only be glad to do so.

The writer closes with the remark that I am sure you will be glad to hear:—

Strangely enough, I have myself for some time been contemplating the preparation of a paper on Flusser to read before our Loyal Legion Commandery.

*** William Henry Anderson (Bowdoin, 1857) died at Portland, Maine, on December 26, 1908. It is to be regretted that this noble-hearted man did not carry into effect his purpose of reciting the story of Flusser's career in the Sounds of North Carolina, and of setting forth the elements of character which made that officer a naval hero. No one could have drawn the portrait in lines more true to nature. A paper entitled "Blockade Life," read by Anderson in 1892, before the Maine Commandery (War Papers, volume ii), attests his capacity as a graphic yet faithful narrator. He was a splendid example of that type of young, college-educated men who entered the Navy for temporary service in the day of their country's need. Brave and courteous, every officer in the squadron who met him liked him from the start.

The judicious writer of an obituary sketch in the *Portland Press* of December 28, 1908, dwells with special emphasis upon the gallant conduct of this officer when the *Commodore Perry* had grounded in the Chowan River, and rebel riflemen with deadly aim had driven our men from the decks. Anderson coolly exposed himself as a target more than once in order to carry the wounded to a place of safety. "There are probably few," says this writer, "of those who knew Paymaster Anderson most intimately, who, during his lifetime, ever heard of this incident in his war history. . . . By the older men of Portland, those who look back to the period antedating the civil war, who knew Mr. Anderson when he first came to this city to study law, who were his companions in the social gatherings of that day, he will always be remembered as their beau-ideal of an American gentleman. . . . He was retiring, gentle, kind-hearted, thoughtful of the feelings of others; and when the weight of years came to add burdens to his load, his older friends could see no appreciable change in his manner or his spirit from the Harry Anderson they had known in ante-bellum days."

See Appendix VI, for a letter of reminiscences of Flusser, written by his friend and classmate at the Naval Academy, — Joseph Nelson Miller, now (1909) Rear Admiral, U. S. N., retired.

X

WILLIAM McKINLEY

X

ADDRESS BEFORE THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA COMMANDERY OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

IN MEMORY OF DECEASED COMPANION,
FORMER BREVET-MAJOR WILLIAM Mc-
KINLEY, U. S. V. (PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES), NOVEMBER 6 1901

COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS : —

We met here, last spring, and said good-bye to one another, looking forward to the pleasures of vacation and of distance from the city during the summer, and looking forward, also, with genuine pleasure to coming here, at the opening meeting, and grasping hands fraternally and with affection. How little did any one suspect at that meeting that this first meeting of the series would be devoted, as it is here to-night, to a subject in which our hearts well up with grief! Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

We must look through all the sadness,

and all the grief, and all the trouble, and see the meaning behind. As Companion Hawley said at the beginning, it is easy to speak of William McKinley. You have got to speak right out of your heart, and "tell you that which you yourselves do know," and you speak into other men's hearts who have the same feeling. It is nothing new you tell; and it meets with a quick response, because fortunately here, in this audience at least, we all knew William McKinley.

One of the wonderful characteristics of the man was that God gave him opportunity to come into personal contact, and into affectionate relations, with a larger number of his countrymen and countrywomen, probably, than any other American who ever lived. It was not simply that he was President of the United States, but because he had a heart that went out to every citizen of the United States, high or low.

We like, when we try to dwell in memory on the character, — and that is what lives of a man after the body has passed away, — we like to try and analyze that character, and see if we can find some one salient point that seems to typify the man. When we come

to apply this process to William McKinley, we shall find that if there were one quality he exhibited above all others, it was that of sincerity.

I was thinking this over, this afternoon, and walking in company with my chief, Secretary Long, who was dear, I know, to President McKinley. I spoke to him of it, and I asked him if it were not so, that there were two characteristics of our late President which were very marked—the one simplicity and the other sincerity. “Yes,” said the Secretary to me; “but are not those two the same thing?” I reflected a moment, and I replied, “Yes.” It is the sincere man who is simple—simple in his character and simple in the expression of that character to others. He told me—and he had a right to tell me because of his friendship with the President, for no man knew him better—that I was right in attributing to him as a predominating trait that most excellent quality of sincerity.

Now, William McKinley—and many of you here knew him as well, and some of you better, than I—had this peculiar habit: When you went to him, aside from business,

and even on business, you found very quickly that he was turning the subject from himself to you. Almost the first question he put to you was regarding yourself and your dearest interests ; and that was spontaneous and natural with him, because he was a man who found his happiness in making others happy.

I suppose that we have never had in public life a man who exemplified that trait as President McKinley did. This curious result has followed : I think if you talk about President McKinley to any man who knew him, that man will, you shall find, venture to believe that somehow the President was a little closer to him than to anybody else. I believe he impressed you, when you were with him, with that feeling. It was not an illusion ; it was born of the relations which existed at that time between you and him ; he had so loving a heart.

Now this I am sure is not mere sentiment. It is true, genuine, and real ; and that very thing, it seems to me, in the character of William McKinley is bequeathed to his countrymen as a precious legacy, that will be fruitful of good to this country for years and years to come.

Just think of the influence, upon the country at large, of the death-scene, which has been spoken of so feelingly by those who have preceded me. The last words, or almost the last words, of that man were "Good-bye" — not that alone — "Good-bye *all!*" That little word; how significant! It took in everybody, and everybody in the land felt that he was thought of by the President in that supreme moment.

The other day, as I was passing near the White House, I saw one of the faithful attendants coming along, grief depicted in his countenance, and I shook hands with him for the second time (for I had done it only a few days before), and sympathized with him. I spoke to him of these words. His face lighted up, and he said: "That was the remark that the President made to all of us when he left the White House." So I infer that it was a common remark with him. But how beautiful at such a time was that one word "all." It was typical of the man's nature.

I see placed here on these walls most appropriately pictures of the three great Americans on whom we shall rely in future

generations as exemplifying the best traits of the American people. How dissimilar, and yet how alike are they! Washington — and the interesting fact in regard to Washington is that we to-day know him better than our forefathers did. The real Washington is depicted to us as he was not to them; Washington, who seems to have been selected by Divine Providence to bring this country out of its trials and place upon a firm foundation a free people.

Then Lincoln, that wonderful man with an infinite fund of practical sense, yet with a vein of poetry and womanly tenderness in him; a strange mixture, raised up at that period; the only man, probably, who could have guided us through those perilous times. It would seem as though Washington and Lincoln had exhausted all those qualities of greatness possible to Americans, as their country's representatives in the chair of the Presidency.

And then the face of McKinley!

It was the fortune of William McKinley, strangely enough (for there were no signs of it when he entered upon his office), to guide this country through the perils of

another war. He was at the head of the government; a peril greater than war confronted this country, for a new departure had come upon us. The wisdom and the capacity, the patience and the practical good sense that characterized every act of his proves that he was the right man in the right place, though the time has not, perhaps, come yet when we fully understand it.

Had McKinley living gone out of office, it would have been to look back upon a remarkably successful and wise administration. God willed that it should not be thus — that there should be the story of his wonderful death. In generations to come those scenes will be rehearsed. Nothing can ever surpass the heroism, the Christian fortitude, the thoughtfulness and unselfishness with which William McKinley met his fate, and passed from this world to another.

XI

JOHN McALLISTER SCHOFIELD

XI

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO DECEASED COMPANION LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN McALLISTER SCHOFIELD, U. S. A., Ex-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

PREPARED FOR THE COMMANDERY OF THE
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, AND REPORTED
JANUARY 1 1908

WHEN a man of unusual distinction goes out of the world, leaving behind him a record of achievement that is one unbroken line of success, we are apt to refer much of his good fortune to the circumstance that he had pursued the life-work that best suited him. The inference, in most instances, is doubtless correct. Now and then, however, an individual appears whose display of ability in many directions is so marked that it occurs to us to speculate a little; and we inquire, How came this man to make the choice that

he did ; and what measure of success is it likely that he would have attained, had he selected some other pursuit ?

John McAllister Schofield was a many-sided man. A great soldier—had fate assigned him another road upon which to travel, he still would have reached eminence. He would surely have made his mark as a lawyer or a judge had he studied law, as when a boy it was his purpose to do ; for it was by the merest accident that an appointment to West Point fell to him. Had he turned to teaching as a profession, he would undoubtedly have become an educator of the very first rank. In a word, the youth had in him the making of a great man.

Fortunately for his country, our friend chose the profession of arms. His fitness for that profession, and the services which he has rendered, have been the subject of judicious and well-deserved praise. That his military efficiency was of an unusually high order is generally conceded. Had opportunity favored, there is reason to believe that Schofield would have taken rank as one of the world's great commanders ; for he was

endowed with that rare combination of qualities that means success in the problem of planning a campaign and handling a great army in the field.

So brave and skillful a general did he prove himself, that one may very readily be excused for overlooking the fact that there exists another side to Schofield's record which is deserving of special mention — and that is, his aptitude for performing the duties of a statesman.

Let me briefly refer to one or two spheres of activity, wherein he did work of inestimable value. When we remember that General Schofield had scarcely reached the age of thirty-five at the close of the war, we may well feel surprised at his having accomplished in the field so much that could have been done only by a soldier of cool head and matured judgment. Indeed, this quality of an admirable self-control is a marked feature of his character.

He proved to be just the man that was needed during the very trying period of reconstruction; but before his talent was availed of in this direction, he had been selected by Secretary Seward to go abroad

upon a diplomatic mission of the highest importance. In June, 1865, he went to France, empowered to act largely upon his own discretion in determining the means of conveying to the Emperor a plain intimation that the French Army had best get out of Mexico without further delay. The fact that a duty so delicate in its nature should have been intrusted to him, of itself testifies to the worth and ability of this modest soldier.

Coming home after a year's absence, he was called into the cabinet of President Johnson, where he served efficiently as Secretary of War. He knew and understood Andrew Johnson far better than did the vast majority of Northern men. While Secretary he demonstrated his fitness for the position of President of the United States, though it is not at all likely that an idea of reaching that position had ever entered his mind. Few men have possessed in a higher degree than he the habits of thought and the training needful for that exalted office. Firm, but not opinionated; industrious, and yet knowing how to dispatch business expeditiously; broad-minded so as to

view all parts of the Union with like interest and devotion; and above all, entertaining a profound respect for law and authority, such a man as General Schofield fully met, it seems to me, the exacting qualifications necessary for a successful administration of the Presidency.

He was no politician, but a straightforward, open-hearted officer of the Army. His instincts were sound; his loyalty unquestioned; his knowledge of human nature far-reaching and thorough. Public questions with which he had to deal he examined most carefully. To his vision the limit between the military and civil authority was precisely defined. No man revered the Constitution more. He was a firm believer in the endurance of democratic institutions, and in the assured happy fortune of his country for the future.

We gain an insight into the character of our companion, not only from the record of what he did in the field, and in the cabinet, but from an interesting and valuable book that he gave to the public, about ten years ago, entitled "Forty-six Years in the Army."

Here, to any one who reads between the lines, there is plainly disclosed the strength and fibre of General Schofield's character. He modestly tells the reader that he has meant this volume to be nothing more than a contribution of material for the future historian. The entire absence of self-laudation, the generous estimate of his companions in arms, the clear, lucid narrative, and the calm, impartial tone of his comments, all combine to stamp the author as a man of unselfish disposition and of fine intellectual endowment.

The calibre of the man is distinctly shown in what he tells us in this book as to the Board of Review, over which he presided in 1878, constituted to hear new evidence in the case of Major-General Fitz-John Porter. Here Schofield did what it was difficult to do — rose above prejudice. He expresses it as his opinion that "no government can be regarded as just to its Army unless it provides, under appropriate conditions, for the rehearing of cases that may be tried by court-martial in time of war."

The strong sense of justice displayed in advancing this opinion is worthy, it needs

hardly to be observed, of the highest commendation. General Schofield exercised a clear insight into the proper methods of securing efficiency in the Army. He loved his profession, and he gave his best thought to the means of steadily improving that branch of the service, of which he was so conspicuous an ornament.

To conclude, we may praise the late Commander-in-Chief of the Loyal Legion of the United States without fear of passing the bounds of a just and well-founded admiration. The secret of his success is that he was a man of abounding common sense. It is matter of history that during a period of many years, when from time to time his duties kept him at Washington, public men of the Cabinet, or of the Senate, or of the House, used to resort to him to ask his opinion upon questions then before the country. They always found him sagacious, competent, and helpful. Schofield was a most useful man. He did his whole duty faithfully. His name and his fame will ever be a pride to the Army, and to every lover of the Union.

XII
MEMORIAL DAY



XII

MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED AT PORTSMOUTH NEW HAMPSHIRE

BEFORE STORER POST NO. 1 GRAND ARMY
OF THE REPUBLIC MAY 30 1892

AGAIN does this land, from ocean to ocean, witness the inspiring sight of a people laying aside the cares and the strife of their working-day existence, to unite in one vast chorus of gratitude to the memory of the saviors of their country; and of invocation and praise to Him who giveth us the victory, who hath the nation in His keeping.

Memorial Day! How solemn, and yet how sweet its associations! Solemn, for it bids us pause and measure, each for himself, the duty that he owes in person to a common country. Sweet, since it opens the flood-gates of memory to a tide of tender emotion, and brings before us in the bloom of his early manhood, his face aglow with patriotic ardor, the comrade, the friend, the

brother, who welcomed death in order that the Union might live.

Our heroes — can we ever forget them! In churchyard; on rugged hillside; in smiling valley; by the corner of the field on the old homestead; on many a lonely spot far, far away from kindred; in the serried ranks of cemetery, cared for and watched over by a Nation, or in graves unknown, they lie sleeping — a mighty host! The bosom of this historic soil shelters not a few, in whose perpetual honor stands yonder figure, on base of New Hampshire granite. In the fullness of strength, erect and proud with high resolve, they went forth out of these streets to do battle for the Union. It was at the call of duty that they went, — duty, —

Stern daughter of the voice of God.

Silently now do they all await the dawning of the last, great day.

We would fain keep green the memory of each soldier and sailor, and thank him for what he did, and for what he was. And so, at this glad season, we search out his last earthly resting-place; and reverently, with

eye not undimmed, we lay God's own flowers there.

A simple act. But oh, how eloquent to voice a gratitude profound for all that their loyalty, their valor, their nobility of soul has rendered possible for us, and for our children's children!

And you, my friends of a later generation, you, who are too young to have heard the echoing guns of the great struggle; you, who can picture to yourselves the scenes of that mighty conflict, only because you have drunk in the story from books, or given ear, it may be, while some elder has recited the tale, — did not you, too, feel the warm blood pulsating through your veins, when to-day it was permitted you to look upon the ranks (now, alas, fast thinning!) of the veteran survivors, as once more in military order they have followed the flag to the music of fife and drum?

It was a custom with the Athenians, at the end of a campaign (so Thucydides tells us), to bury in the beautiful suburb of Ceramicus, with public honors, the bones of those who had fallen in battle. A vast concourse of mourners and spectators, upon the

occasion of these solemn rites, listened in the open air to the eulogy pronounced by some eminent citizen, whom they had chosen as their orator. Such were the circumstances under which Pericles delivered his renowned funeral oration, where occurs that sublime passage: "Of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre, signalized not alone by the inscription of the column in their native land, but in lands not their own, by the unwritten memory which dwells with every man of the spirit more than of the deed." Hearken to the majestic Webster, in like strain, addressing his countrymen at Bunker Hill: "We are among the sepulchres of our fathers; we are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood." And it was to inspire the living, no less than to honor the dead, that Abraham Lincoln uttered words at Gettysburg that the world now knows by heart. The democracy of to-day, like that of the past, yields its highest honors to him who has deserved well of his country.

Yes, a deep and pervading sentiment of our nature bids us keep alive the name and

the fame of each brave spirit who has laid a last, great sacrifice upon the altar of country. It is the element of unselfishness in the deed that makes it gracious. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Our Revolutionary fathers, and the preservers of the Union, alike are consecrated in the hearts of the American people. The former gained our liberties, and made self-government a living reality. The latter rescued self-government from threatened overthrow, and set it upon the firm foundation of an indissoluble Union.

The War of the Rebellion will ever remain a landmark in the history of civilization; for it was a conflict between two phases of civilization, — between the slavery of a past, and the progress and enlightenment of a new, era. But the occasion forbids our dwelling upon the meaning of the war itself. To-day our thoughts cluster around some fair-haired youth, who yielded up his life on field or deck.

To live over again those days, which in misty recollection seem but a dream, — the leaving home and its endearments; the ready submission to discipline in camp, on the

march, on shipboard ; the patient endurance, the wondrous fortitude in hospital, in prison, in the hour of battle ; the equal (nay, was it not oftentimes the greater ?) heroism of those at home, — parents who bade their sons God-speed, young wives their husbands, and then turned to take up without murmur the daily burden of absence, awaiting with blanched cheek the bulletins from the front ; and, at last, accepting, with a resignation born of lofty courage, the dread tidings that left no ray of hope. To revive these scenes — what is it but to kindle afresh in our hearts the sacred flame of love of country ?

For the part that New Hampshire took in putting down the Rebellion, her record shines with a lustre that time shall never dim. When our misguided brothers fired the fatal shot at Sumter, fortunately for the State, she had in the person of her chief magistrate a man of energy, and a patriot of purest instinct. He lost not a moment in parleying about forms of statute authority. He acted. He shouldered responsibilities, and he did it with alacrity. While the country claims him as a bright star in the galaxy of war governors, this community in no nar-

row sense shares in the honor that invests his name. As, in 1776, Portsmouth gave one of her merchants — John Langdon — to the cause of the Revolution; so, in 1861, she gave to the Union that peerless defender of the flag — Ichabod Goodwin!

What troops were sent more promptly into the field than hers? What better equipped, better cared for? The skill and intrepidity of her officers, the valor and endurance of her men — where, I ask, where in military annals are they surpassed? When, for example, soldiers from other parts of the country spoke of New Hampshire's "gallant Second" and "fighting Fifth," they meant to employ no mere holiday epithet. Of the former — a regiment mustered into service here, and to which this city furnished a company — I have lately been told an incident that shows of what stuff our brave boys were made. It was at the battle of Groveton, better known as the second battle of Bull Run. Without a support, the Second New Hampshire, consisting of but little more than three hundred men, was to attack the enemy at a most dangerous position. My informant, Private Dillon of the color company, heard

each word that his colonel uttered, indelibly engraved as it ever since has been upon his memory: "Soldiers of New Hampshire, your country expects desperate work of you to-day! Cast not one thought toward home. Think of God and your country. Stand firm as your granite hills!" Then rang out the order for the charge; and Gilman Marston asked no man to go where he himself was not ready to lead the way! With sustained impetuosity the line of bayonets swept forward, in spite of fearful loss. So superb was the onset that Stonewall Jackson, whose men gave way, was moved to speak of it in terms of generous admiration.

Did time allow, how gladly would we call up the name and the figure of each brave son of Portsmouth, who, at the call of his country, sprang to arms. Let me allude, however, to one shining exemplar, as the perfect type of an unstudied hero, a true soldier, a knight beyond reproach. Well do I remember him. An athlete, full-chested; an eye beaming with animation; a voice deep, but gentle; in manner, courteous, — his noble physique was the fit home of the graces of a Christian gentleman. If ever a man gave

to the State in her hour of need all that he had, unsullied by a thought of self, it was he. Suited to command, with the opportunity only too readily open to him to hold a commission, he chose to serve in the ranks. To enlist in a company of sharpshooters, he walked hence to Concord and back. The field of Gettysburg, crimsoned with the blood of so many a martyr to the cause of human liberty, saw no spirit more noble wing its flight than that of our lion-hearted townsman, Henry Lakeman Richards.¹

How shall we breathe a long farewell to three wearers of the blue, whom to-day we specially miss; into whose familiar faces we never again may look; three, who, after attesting their manhood in the field, sheathed the sword to prove that, valiant as soldiers, they could be no less worthy of admiration as citizens,—Hodgdon, Thatcher, Good-

¹ "I enlisted Richards at Concord; and from the day I first met him till his death, I had the greatest respect for him. I never was in his presence but I was impressed with his superior qualities as a man and patriot."—MS. letter, Major Edward Thomas Rowell, of Lowell, Massachusetts, February 1, 1893. "Richards Avenue," Portsmouth, is named after him. He selected the young trees, and with his own hand planted them on either side of this long street leading to the cemetery. See Appendix VII.

rich! Faithful in arms, as ye were respected and honored in life, so are ye now mourned, and lovingly remembered.

The laurels of the Navy, how fair a share belongs to the Pascataqua! Would that we might enter even so much as upon the threshold of the narrative; might tell of many a stately ship, her guns thundering for the stars and stripes, whose virgin keel had kissed the waters of this beautiful river; might tell of the sturdy arms and stout hearts of sailors, whose home was on these shores, from the days of John Paul Jones — down to the splendid achievement of the ever memorable *Kearsarge*. Would that I might speak of Craven, born here, who went down with his ironclad, scorning to save his own at the cost of another's life. "After you, pilot!" is his glowing eulogy. Of Farragut, who here breathed his last, leaving a fame secure. Of him who fought the *Brooklyn*, that other Craven, who returned hither to pass declining years, amid the scenes he loved so well in boyhood. Of Storer and Pearson, of Parrott and Pickering, of Thornton, of Bradford, of Yates, and of many another gallant soul, who served his country

well. Long be their memory cherished! May a sense of their sterling virtues inspire generations yet to come!

The crowning lesson that the personal heroism of the war period teaches, you have already anticipated. It is the lesson of the supreme force of the moral idea in public affairs. When rebellion came, it found the people of the Union States busily engaged in the work of developing a magnificent empire. We were extending our lines of traffic, subduing the prairie, building railroads, calling into being towns—destined to grow into populous cities. The South had been led to believe that here was a race of money-getters, with instincts not extending beyond love of gain; that “the Yankees” would purchase peace at any price. Such an illusion, if it ever existed at the North, vanished with the smoke of that first rebel gun that, in the harbor of Charleston, dared send its iron message of treason to insult the flag. The uprising of the people to defend that flag, the outburst of patriotic enthusiasm—who that witnessed the spectacle, who that felt the thrill, can find words wherewith to tell of it to another?

That love of country, blazing like beacon-fire on mountain-top, and then burning with the steady glow of a pure, vestal flame of the temple,—think you it came all suddenly into men's hearts? Should time have it in store (far distant be the day!) that the Republic in her need shall call upon her sons to defend her against a foreign foe, think you that the ardor, and the sacrifice, of a patriot's devotion will be wanting?

But what application, you ask, has this in time of peace? What has love of country to do with practical every-day affairs? It has everything to do, my friends; and let me tell you how it manifests its presence.

First and foremost, a man must realize that he *has* a country; realize that he has been put into the world to live, not for himself and his family alone, not for a little circle of immediate friends and neighbors—but for humanity; that the range of his duty reaches out far beyond the borders of his own town—beyond his State, clear to the confines of the dwelling-place of a whole great Nation.

The man who loves his country learns to look upon an American as his brother.

If the crop be bountiful in Kansas, he shall rejoice; if floods devastate a region of the Mississippi, he shall sorrow and hasten to give aid. He does not shut his eyes to what goes on in the world around. He thinks that he has no right to immerse himself in private business, to the total neglect of public duties. He is a good citizen. "A good citizen" — the term is full of meaning to him who stops and reflects. He goes to the caucus; he goes to the polls, and votes; and he does it in the proud conviction that he is exercising the privilege of a freeman. With a jealous eye he guards that privilege. He asks himself, What are my public duties? What can I do, here and now, as my part in preserving, and transmitting to my descendants, this heritage inestimable of self-government?

He reverences the names of Washington and of Lincoln. He is a firm believer in democratic institutions. He trusts the people; and though occasionally a wave of popular feeling sets, as it seems to him, in the wrong direction, he does not wring his hands and despair of the Republic. Is he called to fill public office — he aims to serve

the people, not himself. Has he sons — he brings them up as Americans. He does not, in senseless phrase, tell them that theirs is the greatest and best country in the world; he rather points out to them the many blessings guaranteed by the Constitution; explains the advantage that the youth of America have over those who are growing up in foreign lands; and bids them with grateful heart be true to the doctrines that the fathers have made the foundation-stones of our national edifice.

Is it not plain that "the moral idea" animates and vitalizes all that is best and highest to-day in our public life? Does not the same spirit that made men heroes in '61 abide with us still?

Members of the Post, you who are spared to take part in these befitting exercises, your presence testifies that at this very moment the love of country burns not less dim in your hearts, than in the hour when you faced the shot and shell of a brave and desperate enemy. The sight of you is itself an inspiration to duty.

Young men, just entering upon the respon-

sibilities of life, do not dismiss love of country from your thoughts, as a thing unpractical, fanciful. Look deeper. Study the example of that noble fellow who carried a musket in the days of a nation's peril. Satisfy yourselves what it was that bade him leave home, nerved him to face danger and suffer untold hardship; what it was that has earned for him, living or dead, a gratitude that only grows deeper and firmer, as the years go by. Learn that what sweetens the toil, alike of the humblest laborer and of the most exalted statesman, is an abiding sense of duty loyally performed.

APPENDIX



APPENDIX

I

WILLIAM THOMAS SAMPSON

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM THOMAS SAMPSON, U. S. N., died at his home, on New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 6, 1902, in the sixty-third year of his age. The Washington "Times," of the following morning, published a tribute, written by the author of the address, as follows : —

The death of Rear Admiral Sampson, in circumstances singularly pathetic, will fix public attention upon the remarkable qualities of the man, and upon the real value of the services he has rendered his country. Not to all the people has a knowledge of the real Sampson been disclosed. The closer his character is studied, the higher will be the praise gratefully accorded to him.

The American people in due time will come to admire this brave commander, even as the officers and men of his command have always admired and loved him. Sampson's name and fame, it is clearly to be perceived, will steadily grow. His memory will be cherished in our history as one of our best and noblest heroes.

The Admiral was a man of marked intellectual force. He was a thinker and a close student. At the Naval Academy he stood at the head of his class. He went back as an instructor, — one of the best who ever taught there. Later, he became Superintendent ; and he has left the imprint of

his teaching and example upon many a younger officer of the Navy, who will grieve at the news of his death.

Our Navy has never boasted of a finer ordnance officer than William Thomas Sampson. He had a talent for invention, and he was fertile of ideas in his chosen profession. But beyond his accomplishments as a theoretical officer, he was a true sailor,—a fine, all-round officer on shipboard.

When put in command of the North Atlantic Squadron, he showed at once that he was the man for the place. The ability displayed by him at this post was of the highest type. He knew the art of war. He was a man to be trusted. He served his country faithfully. Patient, untiring, resourceful, and determined, Sampson was absolutely fearless. What is more, he had the gift of inspiring those under him with a sense of perfect confidence in his power to lead them on to victory.

Those who knew him best could not but admire the fortitude with which he bore the burden of the last years. It was not so much that he faced a physical breaking-down, which told of sure-coming death, but he was heartsick.

Many of his countrymen had not been permitted to know the simple truth of his unselfish, unremitting devotion to duty. Yet he murmured not. He was content that the President, the Secretary of the Navy, and the great body of his fellow-officers, as well as the men of his command, held him in the esteem that was his of right.

He has gone to his reward. A gallant gentleman, true as steel,—an honor to the service, and to his country.

II

BUELL'S LIFE OF JOHN PAUL JONES

"PAUL JONES, Founder of the American Navy: A History. By Augustus C. Buell" (2 volumes), was published in 1900 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A second edition appeared in 1901, which contains two additional chapters: one giving a copy of Jones's will, the other telling of unsuccessful efforts on the part of Colonel Sherburne to find the body of Jones.

A third edition, published after the author's death, contains a supplementary chapter by General Horace Porter, recently Ambassador to France, descriptive of the search instituted by him, and the finding of Jones's body in what was formerly the Protestant Cemetery in Paris.

Buell's book, written in an attractive style, and dealing with the stirring events in the life of a hero, much of whose career had been enveloped in a haze of mystery and romance, gained at once a marked degree of popular favor. Quite as a matter of course, it was everywhere accepted as authority. All the more so, because the earlier lives of Paul Jones had proved to be unsatisfactory.

Buell (1847-1904), first a civil engineer and afterwards a journalist, already had won repute in

Washington as an active, bright newspaper correspondent. Since 1883, he had served as secretary to Charles H. Cramp of Philadelphia, the well-known shipbuilder. It is understood that Mr. Cramp took an interest in Buell's literary enterprises, and that he helped the author financially in the preparation and publication of this ambitious work.

A great shock it was, therefore, to the admirers of Buell's book to encounter an *exposé* in a communication to the New York "Times," of Sunday, June 10, 1906. The article is entitled "A Fictitious Paul Jones Masquerading as the Real. The accepted life of the naval hero by A. C. Buell pronounced to be an audacious forgery."

The author of this startling indictment is Mrs. Reginald De Koven, wife of the celebrated composer, who sets out in precise terms the charges she has to make. Each charge is followed up with proof from documents, in such terms as do not fail to carry conviction to the reader. Mrs. De Koven's language is well guarded and temperate. There is no animosity exhibited toward the offender, though plain words are used, because they have to be. Buell's statements, one after another, are examined and shown to be false.

"The book," the article says, "is now accepted as the authoritative and official life of Jones, but it can be proved to be the most audacious histori-

cal forgery ever put upon a credulous public. . . . It is padded with inventions of clever construction and of unparalleled audacity. It contains reports of imaginary committees in Congress, invented letters from Washington, Franklin, and Hewes, false letters and extracts from imaginary journals of Jones himself, false entries from the diaries of well-known persons, such as Gouverneur Morris and the Duchesse d'Orléans, and quotations from others which existed only in Colonel Buell's imagination."

Serious as is the accusation, and emphatic as are these and like words of the critic, no one who follows Mrs. De Koven's communication to the end will fail to be convinced that she is fully justified in making the exposure — indeed, that she is only doing her duty.

At present, however, we are concerned solely with the question of the authenticity of the letter to Hewes of date of September 14, 1775 (at pages 32 to 37 of the first volume), purporting to enumerate the qualities that are needed in an officer of the Navy. That the text as printed by Buell is most remarkable, and worthy of unstinted admiration, is apparent. The prophetic character ascribed to it would vanish, or at least be sensibly diminished, should it turn out that Paul Jones, as a matter of fact, wrote no such letter to the North Carolina member of Congress.

Mrs. De Koven, after assuring us that all the letters to and from Hewes used in Buell's book are forgeries, "invalidated by disagreement in date with the authentic letters, or by glaring discrepancies with true historical documents," invites attention to the singular fact that numerous letters from Paul Jones to Hewes are preserved in the John Paul Jones Collection of the Library of Congress, and that not one of these authentic documents has been used by Buell. It does, indeed, seem strange that Buell should announce the composition of a Congressional Committee where the records upon consultation disclose the fact that no such Committee ever existed. He says that June 15, 1775, Congress appointed a provisional Marine or Naval Committee. He gives the names of several members of the Committee, and then states that on the 24th of June the Committee authorized the Chairman "to invite John Paul Jones, Esq., Gent., of Va., Master Mariner, to lay before the Committee such information and advice as may seem to him useful in assisting the said Committee to discharge its labors."

When we have ascertained that the records show beyond any question that no naval legislation took place in Congress until October 13, 1775; that no such committee as described was ever appointed, and that the invitation to Jones is wholly imaginary, we may well be amazed. That a deception

should be undertaken, which was capable of being so easily exposed, can scarcely be credited, yet such is the fact.

Buell's "Life of John Paul Jones" is likely to become a *cause célèbre* to literature. All readers of that book who learn of this exposure must agree with Mrs. De Koven in recognizing the cleverness with which the author's course of deception has been pursued. It is a pity that Mr. Buell should have persuaded himself to enter upon such a scheme of invention. His gift of literary expression would have insured success to his Life of the great sea fighter, had he rigidly adhered to recorded facts. As it is, he is seen to take a basis of truth and then proceed to construct thereon in part a narrative after his own conception of what should befit his hero. Of course, in such an undertaking, he could not hope long to escape detection. These revelations will inevitably have the effect of modifying in some degree the views as to the personality and character of the great naval hero that one may have formed after previously having read the almost fascinating pages of Buell.

Fortunately, what John Paul Jones achieved was far too great to admit of the slightest tarnishment of his fame from any act of a biographer. Fortunately, too, we are cited to clear proof that Paul Jones entertained a splendid yet just conception of the American naval officer; and moreover that

he impressed this conception upon the minds of many public men of that period.

In view of this unhappy exposure, the reader will learn with a lively satisfaction that, notwithstanding the fact that the text of the letter printed by Buell was never written by Jones, its leading sentiments (referred to with praise in the Naval War College Address) are those of Jones himself. The letter, after all, may be pronounced to have been made up substantially from the actual writings, at divers times, of John Paul Jones. We may safely say that the ideas conveyed in the famous letter really had been given out (but not at so early a date) by John Paul Jones as forming in outline what he believed to be the true type of an officer of the Navy of the United States.

This gratifying intelligence was first brought to my attention by the accomplished Librarian of the Navy Department, Mr. Charles W. Stewart, a graduate of the Naval Academy of the Class of 1881, who would himself have been in the service to-day, but for the ill-advised legislation of Congress which retired from the Navy almost every member of that now famous class. It is highly probable that no one in this country has enjoyed a better opportunity for getting at the facts in the history of John Paul Jones, or has actually made a more exhaustive study of the subject, than Mr. Stewart. At my request, he has kindly written me the following letter:

Navy Department,
Library and Naval War Records,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,

September 15, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. HACKETT, — Referring to our conversation of this day regarding Buell's book, "Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy: A History," and the alleged letter dated September 14, 1775, from Jones to Hon. Joseph Hewes (printed on pp. 32 to 37, vol. i), it is fair to say that Mr. Buell made a readable book without research and study of historical documents.

As to the alleged letter dated September 14, 1775, Jones never wrote it. The author has cleverly combined many ideas which appeared in Jones's letters of a later date, written after study and experience of naval affairs. In short, he prepared a synthesis of good suggestions made by Jones and presented the whole as having been written in 1775. The first paragraph on page 34 is copied almost verbatim from the letter of Jones to Hewes, April 14, 1776. Other portions are paraphrased from various later letters of Jones.

The ideas set forth in this alleged letter are presented in substance in his authentic letters, and Jones was quite worthy of it in later years than the date given by Buell.

Jones was an earnest student of naval affairs, history, strategy, and tactics. He had the instincts of a gentleman. His letters to Lady Selkirk were not addressed directly to her, but were enclosed with a letter of transmittal to Lord Selkirk.

Mr. Buell presented a pen-picture of Jones that

attracted the attention of General Horace Porter and resulted in the search for, and almost miraculous recovery of, Jones's body, and its transfer to America.

Respectfully,

CHARLES W. STEWART.

HON. FRANK W. HACKETT,

Washington, D. C.

POSTSCRIPT

The story, on page 53, of certain young ladies of Portsmouth presenting a silk flag to John Paul Jones, naturally enough found a place in the remarks on Flag Day, since I had then but recently read of it in Buell's book, i, 244-245; ii, 78. It now appears to be a pure fabrication.

Pay Director Joseph Foster, U. S. N. (retired), who has made a special study of naval affairs occurring at his home town of Portsmouth, assures me that there is no historical evidence whatever to confirm it. See Boston *Evening Transcript*, "Notes and Queries," May 13, July 1, and December 23, 1905, August 17 and 24, 1907, and February 21, 1908.

III

PETER HAGNER

JUDGE HAGNER's father, alluded to on page 51, as an official in the Treasury Department under Secretary Hamilton during President Washington's administration, was Peter Hagner, born at Philadelphia, October 1, 1772. He died at Washington, July 16, 1850. His service under the government was remarkable not only for the length of time during which he held a very responsible office, but for the character and extent of the labor performed. For fifty-seven years continuously he conducted affairs in the Treasury Department with such signal ability and unblemished repute, that it was said of him, just after his death, that no greater praise could be bestowed upon a man than to declare that "he is as virtuous as Peter Hagner."

The son of a Revolutionary soldier, young Hagner in 1793 entered the office of the accountant of the War Department, as a bookkeeper. He soon became principal clerk; and later was made an additional accountant of the War Department, by President Madison. In March, 1817, when the office of Third Auditor of the Treasury had been created, President Monroe appointed Mr.

Hagner to that position. Peter Hagner accomplished a vast amount of work with such fidelity and skill that his merits became known all through the country; and upon two occasions Congress, by a vote, expressed their appreciation of the quality of his labor. In 1799, he went to Washington in advance of the removal of the government archives. These papers and documents were brought from Philadelphia to Washington in one or two small sailing vessels. Mr. Hagner in person superintended the work of their reception and disposition. He kept a diary in which are numerous entries of no little interest to the public.

Judge Hagner has signified his intention of using this diary, together with some of the letters and an autobiographical sketch of his father, in the preparation of a volume to deal with the early history of the Capital. Surely the long-continued faithful services of this estimable man entitle him to grateful remembrance.

In connection with the subject of the stretch of time through a period of history, possible with father and son, it is interesting to note that Judge Jeremiah Smith (1837-), professor at the Harvard Law School, who is now (January, 1909) attending to his duties there, is the son of a soldier who fought under General Stark (August, 1777) at the battle of Bennington. The father, Jeremiah

Smith (1759-1842), distinguished as a member of Congress, Governor and Chief Justice of New Hampshire, holds rank among great American lawyers; and it is enough to say of the son that he has proved himself worthy of such a sire.

IV

THE FARRAGUT TABLET AT THE PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD AUGUST 26 1908

I

PRAYER OFFERED BY CHAPLAIN FRANK
THOMPSON, U. S. N.

O GOD, we thank Thee for the greatness of this nation not only in battle but in peace.

We thank Thee for the good examples of those whose devotion to service on land and sea has helped to make our country what it is, and who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors.

We thank Thee that Thou hast put into our hearts the desire and will to render becoming honor to those heroes by recalling their *names* and *deeds*.

We pray that they may be to us an example in teaching us what it means to have a country and the glorious privilege of serving the same.

May the memory of him whose name and deeds we recall this day be an incentive to us and to our children to uphold in peace as well as in war the honor of our nation, that Thy *blessing*

may rest upon it now and throughout the years to come.

May Thy blessing rest upon this tablet about to be unveiled. May loving hearts that read its story thank Thee once again for the signal services rendered by him whose name it bears. May it prove a living voice speaking to us all of that *duty of service* which we owe to our country and to Thee, our God, a service by whose faithful performance do we hope to be joined hereafter with those who have gone before in glory everlasting, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

II

REMARKS OF ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — COMPANIONS OF
THE LOYAL LEGION, COMRADES OF THE
GRAND ARMY — AND BROTHER OFFICERS : —

This is indeed a pleasant and important occasion for me. I feel honored and gratified to be permitted to assist in the ceremony of unveiling this tablet to the memory of our great naval hero. I knew Admiral Farragut well, and I loved him.

For two years during the Civil War I was close to him. At one time he had his temporary quarters on board the *Monongahela*, where I served as

lieutenant. I saw much of him during the siege of Port Hudson. The accommodations were limited and the Admiral spent a great deal of his time on deck, where I had many opportunities of observing his manner of conducting duty, his admirable administrative qualities — and his amiability.

He was my ideal of what a naval commander should be. Without my realizing it at the time, I was taking him as my ideal. Since then, on more than one occasion, when in a trying position of great responsibility, requiring prompt action, I have said to myself, "What would Farragut have done in these circumstances?" I do not say that I did what Farragut would have done, but I did what I thought he would have done. I felt confident that in following him I was doing what was right.

I could go on telling you about Farragut, but the tablet is here and that tells of him. To me was given the privilege of writing the words "Faithful and Fearless." These words are my tribute. They express my summing-up of his character. Faithful in every walk of life — and Fearless beyond compare.

III

LETTER OF REAR ADMIRAL JOHN CRITTENDEN
WATSON, U. S. N., READ BY CAPTAIN MOORE AT
DEDICATION OF FARRAGUT TABLET

Pendennis Club, LOUISVILLE, KY.,
August 14, 1908.

TO CAPTAIN E. K. MOORE, U. S. Navy, Command-
ant Portsmouth Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.

MY DEAR MOORE, — I am writing, on the anniversary of Admiral Farragut's death, to again express our thanks to you and your good, kind wife for your hospitable invitation to us — my wife and daughters and self — to be your guests at the unveiling of the tablet, in memory of Admiral Farragut, on the commandant's house, in which he died August 14, 1870.

We are very sorry not to be able to come and help in this tribute by our presence.

You ask me to write some reminiscences to be read at the unveiling. I am a very poor hand at writing anything ; but I will try to jot down a few of my recollections of our great and noble Admiral for you to read if deemed appropriate.

It was on one of the last days of January, 1862, I first had the privilege and honor of meeting Captain David Glasgow Farragut, U. S. N., when his square blue flag, bearing two white stars, was hoisted at

the mizzen truck of the U. S. steam sloop-of-war *Hartford* at the old Philadelphia Navy Yard. All her officers, assembled on the quarter-deck of that graceful-looking vessel, were introduced, one after the other, to the Flag Officer, and when, in my turn, I was introduced as Master John C. Watson, the sailing-master, he took my hand and with the greatest consideration drew me to one side, saying he was sorry for my disappointment and to have me lose the service ; but that he had been informed by the Department that the navigator was to be detached and a grandson of Mr. Crittenden ordered in his place. I thanked him and told him I was the lucky man.

He was about five feet, seven inches in height, well built and muscular, though slender and graceful in figure. He made a charming impression on me almost at once, and I think he must have done so on the others, as a gentleman, kindly, genial, of wide sympathies, and winning and vivacious in manner and conversation, and very alert and active both mentally and physically. At this time I was less than nineteen and one half years of age, and the lapse of years, with intimate official and personal relations, not only confirmed this early impression, but has added ever-deepening admiration and love for him as a man, an officer, a hero, and a friend.

After his flag was hoisted, it very soon became evident to all hands that the Flag Officer was

keenly observant of everything affecting the efficiency of the personnel and of the equipment, and it was not long before that knowledge encouraged and stimulated men and officers, from our gallant Captain Richard Wainwright to the youngest lad on board. I took advantage of every opportunity my duties as navigator allowed to be near the Flag Officer, to see and hear him as much as possible. I can never forget how, on one occasion while we were proceeding to the Gulf for the first time, he relieved my mortification and comforted me after having just convinced me of an error in calculating the ship's position. Seeing I felt very sore, he looked up at me with an arch smile and said, "All men are liable to mistakes, and some women."

I believe he had a great natural aptitude as a pilot; but if not, he had acquired great skill as such and liked to practice piloting whenever he had a chance. He used to caution me not to despise or scorn any kind of knowledge, telling me that any one who mastered a business, whatever it be, may be able to impart something of value to an observant and receptive naval officer, which may come in handy in some of the many varying phases of his service. From all I know, or have heard of his life, after he became a man he appeared to have made the most of every opportunity to make himself the fittest possible for any and every service he might be called on to perform. He told me he

acquired knowledge of great use to him professionally, while serving on shore duty at navy yards as one of the officers and later as commandant. I never knew a more approachable man, and it seemed to hurt him to have to refuse a request. Captain Drayton, his flag captain, who also acted as fleet captain, was much troubled on several occasions that the Admiral did not say "No," when Captain Drayton thought it should have been said. And he remarked to me on one of them, "I did not believe a man could be a great man if he could n't say no ; but here is one truly great who cannot."

He was remarkably quick in all his movements up to 1864, and a skillful swordsman who enjoyed a set-to with single sticks even after he was in command as a captain. On his birthday he used to test his suppleness by holding the toe of his left shoe with his right hand while he hopped over it forward and backward. I feel quite sure he did this July 5, 1863 ; but his health failed very much in the summer of 1864. The strain of the delay and the difficulties and uncertainties embarrassing the preparations for the battle of Mobile Bay, following the long strain of his long and active service, had undermined his strength.

As I look back on it now, it seems to me it was a very short time after his flag was hoisted on the *Hartford* that he inspired practically all of us on board with absolute confidence in him and in what-

ever he might undertake. This soon became very noticeable.

The closing words of his general order published for the guidance of commanding officers in attacking and passing Port Hudson, March 14, 1863, are, in my opinion, very characteristic of the man, viz. : "And I think the best defense against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns, shell and shrapnel at a distance, and grape when within four hundred or five hundred yards."

He was sincere and straightforward in all his ways, pure, without guile, and very generous and tender-hearted.

I have endeavored to give you a few of my recollections of my service with Admiral Farragut, whom his son, with absolute truth and justice writing the record, shows to be "equal in bravery with Nelson and in purity with Collingwood and as skillful as both of them."

Respectfully,

J. C. WATSON, U. S. N.

V

THE THOMPSON TROPHY AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

THE influence of well-directed physical exercise in bringing youth into the fullness of a sound and true manhood is rated, as we all know, at a higher value to-day than it used to be half a century ago. Of course, a good deal remains to be learned in the field of teaching athletics, just as there is in other branches of education, but every step taken here in the right direction has its importance.

We are happy to be able, in these pages, to record the beginnings of an enterprise that means much in the training of the young gentlemen of the Naval Academy. One of their best friends, Robert Means Thompson, of New York City, presented a cup to the United States Navy (Auxiliary) Athletic Association, on Saturday, November 19, 1895, as a trophy for the midshipman who should be declared to have done the most during the year preceding for the promotion of athletics at the Naval Academy.

The presentation exercises took place at the Gymnasium, upon the conclusion of a football game with Lehigh. Many ladies were present, together with officers and the "cadets" — as the midship-

men were then called. The founder of the trophy said a few words, substantially as follows :—

This cup I take great pleasure in giving to the Athletic Association as a trophy. Each year there is to be inscribed upon it the name of the man, selected from the corps of midshipmen, here at the Academy, as the man who during that year has done the most for athletics. He is not necessarily the best athlete, but he is the man who, either by his enthusiasm, or by his directing and controlling power, or by the encouragement of his example, has prompted others to engage in athletics.

The graduates of this Academy differ from graduates of the ordinary college in this, that, while the product of the civil university should be a scholar, the graduate of this Naval Academy shall be a fighting scholar. It is an absolute duty, therefore, of those who study here — to make use of all their physical powers.

Toward the end of a man's career, when he stands upon the bridge of a battleship, engaged in action, should his nerve fail him, should his eyes prove defective, should he find his body does not have strength to endure the necessary strain, then, no matter if he knew all the sciences, and all the mathematics, and all the languages, his career would prove a failure.

There is a duty imposed upon every midshipman at the date when he enters the service to look forward to the possibility of having to protect his country's flag and his country's honor. Does he fail to prepare himself so as to be able to make the best physical struggle in the day of battle? Then that man fails in the highest duty that he owes to this school — the highest duty that he owes to his country.

Let me be understood as wishing the course of athletics here at the Academy so regulated that the gain that comes from preparation for contest shall not be confined to the

few. I would have an intelligent interest in athletics create and maintain an enthusiasm amongst all the graduates. All will be benefited by the practice of sports. It is in this spirit, and for this reason, that I have wished the name selected to be that of the man who shall have done the most to encourage athletics generally amongst all the men at the Academy.

The cup is of solid silver, twelve inches high, and eight inches in diameter, with three handles representing dolphins. The three faces are chased with views of football, baseball, crew race (with cruiser *New York* and Sandy Hook Lighthouse in background), and fencing-match ; also engraved with six seals of the Naval Academy, the Navy Auxiliary Athletic Association, and the Class of '68. Around the top of the cup is engraved on the three faces the following :—

U. S. N. A. A. A. : THOMPSON : TROPHY :

On a topsail on one face there is the following inscription :—

PRESENTED BY ROBERT M. THOMPSON, '68, TO
THE U. S. NAVY AUXILIARY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AS A TROPHY ON WHICH TO INSCRIBE EACH
YEAR THE NAME OF THE CADET WHO SHALL BE
DECLARED BY ITS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE TO
HAVE DONE THE MOST DURING THE YEAR PRE-
CEDING FOR THE PROMOTION OF ATHLETICS AT
THE NAVAL ACADEMY

The following are the names which have been inscribed upon the cup [December, 1908], to be seen by the public, at Annapolis :—

APPENDIX

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Year.	Name.	Class.	Athletic Work.
1893....	Bookwalter, C. S..	'94....	Football.
1894....	Kavanagh, A. G...	'94....	Football.
1895....	Karns, F. D.....	'95....	Football, Track, Crew.
1896....	Palmer, L. C.....	'96....	Crew, Football, Track.
1897....	Powell, J. W.....	'97....	Football, Crew.
1898....	Halligan, John, Jr..	'98....	Football, Crew.
1899....	Taussig, J. K.....	'99....	Football, Track.
1900....	Berrien, F. D.	'00....	Football, Baseball, Track.
1901....	Williams, Roger...	'01....	Football, Crew.
1902....	Nichols, N. E.	'02....	Football, Crew.
1903....	Poteet, F. H.....	'03....	Football, Baseball.
1904....	Halsey, W. F., Jr..	'04....	Football.
1905....	Farley, L. C.....	'05....	Football, Crew.
1906....	Howard, D. L.....	'06....	Football.
1907....	Spencer, H. L.....	'07....	Football.
1908....	Douglas, A. H....	'08....	Football, Baseball.

VI

LETTER OF REAR ADMIRAL JOSEPH NELSON MILLER, U. S. N., GIVING REMINISCENCES OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER CHARLES WILLIAMSON FLUSSER, U. S. N.

AFTER the paper on Flusser had been read to the Commandery of the Loyal Legion, Companion Joseph Nelson Miller, Rear Admiral, United States Navy (retired), upon request, kindly wrote out some recollections of his friend, covering the period when the two were midshipmen at the Naval Academy. The Admiral's valuable letter, which shows a clear insight and due appreciation of certain qualities of young Flusser's character, is as follows : —

THE CHAMPERNOWNE,
Kittery Point, Maine, August 7, 1900.

DEAR MR. HACKETT : — I am under many obligations to you for your courtesy in permitting me to read your very interesting paper on " Flusser and the *Albemarle*."

Some thirty-eight years or more have elapsed since I last saw Flusser, and, of course, many of the incidents that occurred during the two occasions we were thrown together as instructors at the Naval Academy have been forgotten. We had

rooms in the bachelor's quarters, and became very intimate, and, although there was a difference of only three or four years in our ages, he often spoke to others of me as his younger brother. I had the greatest admiration for his character as an officer and a gentleman, and for his many varied attainments, and showed this by my deference to his opinions and advice. He was generous to a fault, although not a spendthrift, and I never knew him to be guilty of an ungentlemanly or mean act.

Unfortunately, he left no picture of himself that would convey to strangers the kind of man that he was. My recollection of him is that he was about five feet, seven and a half inches in height, slim in build, and of a graceful, erect figure. His face indicated the strength of his character, and his eyes were large, bright, and expressive. When he smiled, he showed his white teeth slightly through his small, brown moustache, and his expression was most winning and kindly. When angry, he showed in his face a determination of character that convinced me of the truthfulness of some of the stories that I had heard of his courage in his younger days.

While we were associated together he was temperate in all his habits, never drinking even wine. When dining out, he would raise the glass to his lips without showing to others that he was not following their example. He was quick in his

movements, and very active. I have seen him stand at the foot of my bed and spring onto the bed backward over the foot-board, which came to the small of his back. Sometimes, in going out of the grounds, he would tell me to take the gate, and then he would scale the high wall like a cat, and be waiting for me at the gate.

He possessed an excellent mathematical mind, and I am sure he would have made himself a famous mathematician if he had turned his attention in that direction. He was fond of good books, and had many of the best within his reach. He had a deep, well-modulated voice, was something of an elocutionist, and an excellent reader. He would take up a prayer-book in my room and read portions of the beautiful service in that book as I had never heard it read before, and that, too, without affectation of style or manner. He could quote many passages of Shakespeare accurately and with striking effect, and I often thought, if he had so wished, he could have made himself a great tragedian. He made a study of words and their correct pronunciation, and to aid him he divided up a dictionary for convenience of handling, and would take pleasure in making himself familiar with the latest authority.

Flusser was cool under all circumstances, and apparently without nerves; but he once told me that he was naturally of a nervous temperament,

and had made up his mind not to show he was under excitement, no matter what occurred; his will-power was so great that he was able, in the end, to carry out his determination. During the exciting times of the breaking-out of the Civil War, he was on one occasion in my room, and we were overhauling our revolvers. After cleaning his, he was lowering the hammer, when his thumb slipped, the cartridge was exploded, and the bullet just grazed my head and was buried in the window-casing behind me. Flusser, although he must have been much shocked, merely arched his eyebrows, which was his wont, and said, "My dear boy, I nearly killed you"; and then turned so that I could not see his face, laid the revolver down on the table, and was silent and thoughtful for some hours afterwards.

Flusser had a great deal of dry humor in his composition, and was sometimes given to harmless practical jokes. One hot night he came into my room, draped in his white uniform, and asked me to take a walk. I declined, saying that I had some studying to do, when he replied, "That is right, my boy. Keep ahead of the youngsters." He went out and returned in an hour or so, smiling. When I asked him the cause of his amusement, he said that he had gone out to the cemetery to see the tombs of some of his relatives, and while there had sat down on one of the vaults, which, by the

way, was the same one in which, some years afterwards, I temporarily placed his remains, that had been sent to my care from their first burial-place. After having been seated for some time, he said, meditating upon what the future had in store for him, he rose, went to the entrance of the cemetery to go out, when a negro passed across the field a short distance from him. The man caught sight of him, gave an unearthly yell, and started for the shanties in Lockwoodville, with Flusser chasing him. As he came near the houses, one of the doors opened and the man disappeared within. Flusser turned and walked away; and when he had finished his story to me, he said, laughingly, that the darky would repeat to his dying day that true ghost-story.

I have related this trifling incident merely to show that Flusser was not that austere and serious man that strangers sometimes thought him.

Your estimate of Flusser is so accurate that I fear I have added little to it, but I send what I have written, as it has given me much pleasure to recall to my mind an old friend whom I loved, and one honored by all that knew him.

Very truly yours,

J. N. MILLER.

HON. FRANK W. HACKETT,

Assistant Secretary of the Navy,

Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

* * A valuable paper on Flusser by Charles W. Stewart will be found in "Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute," volume xxxi, for June, 1905. It contains several letters written by Flusser from the Sounds of North Carolina, and bears this appropriate title: "Lion-Hearted Flusser: A Naval Hero of the Civil War."

* * The Navy Department have recently (1908) named a torpedo boat the *Flusser*, in memory of this officer.

VII

HENRY LAKEMAN RICHARDS

HENRY RICHARDS is one of the unknown heroes of the war. The more that his character is studied, the higher it mounts in the esteem of those who recognize the meaning of true patriotism. Portsmouth may well take pride in the record of such a noble spirit.

The following extract from an address, delivered July 26, 1863, by Joseph Hiller Foster, at the Unitarian Sunday School, Portsmouth, is worthy of such preservation as this little volume may promise for it. Mr. Foster, himself one of the best of men, has not gone beyond the bounds of literal truth in the tribute of praise here bestowed upon his friend : —

Of the friend for whose remains I undertook this journey [to Gettysburg] I would say a few words; for, although never a member of this school, his character was one that you may all well take as a model, especially the boys.

Pure, upright, honest, brave, never as a boy do I remember hearing from his lips any profane or indecent word; and as a man all that which was in the least tainted with impurity was most abhorrent to him. A lie, or anything inconsistent with the strictest honesty and uprightness of word or deed, was his utter detestation. Brave as any soldier in the army, and meeting his death at last because he would not fall back when his comrades did, he

yet feared sin ; nor did he ever, even in his youth, regard it as any mark of courage to do what he knew was wrong or would displease his parents or his God.

He eminently obeyed the precept: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." His little acts of kindness at home, to neighbors, and to all with whom he was connected, were of constant occurrence ; himself he did not consider when another was to be helped. When at home last winter with a wounded leg, he walked several miles to obtain flowers for a poor, sick woman, who had not the remotest claim upon him but her distress and poverty. His modesty and retiring disposition were as conspicuous as his kindness. He refused a commission in the Army, saying that he knew he could be a good soldier, and that was better than to be a poor officer ; although friends well knew that whatever position he might take he would fill it well. But for him the toils of life are over ; for him we can well quote the hymn : —

Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done ;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.



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